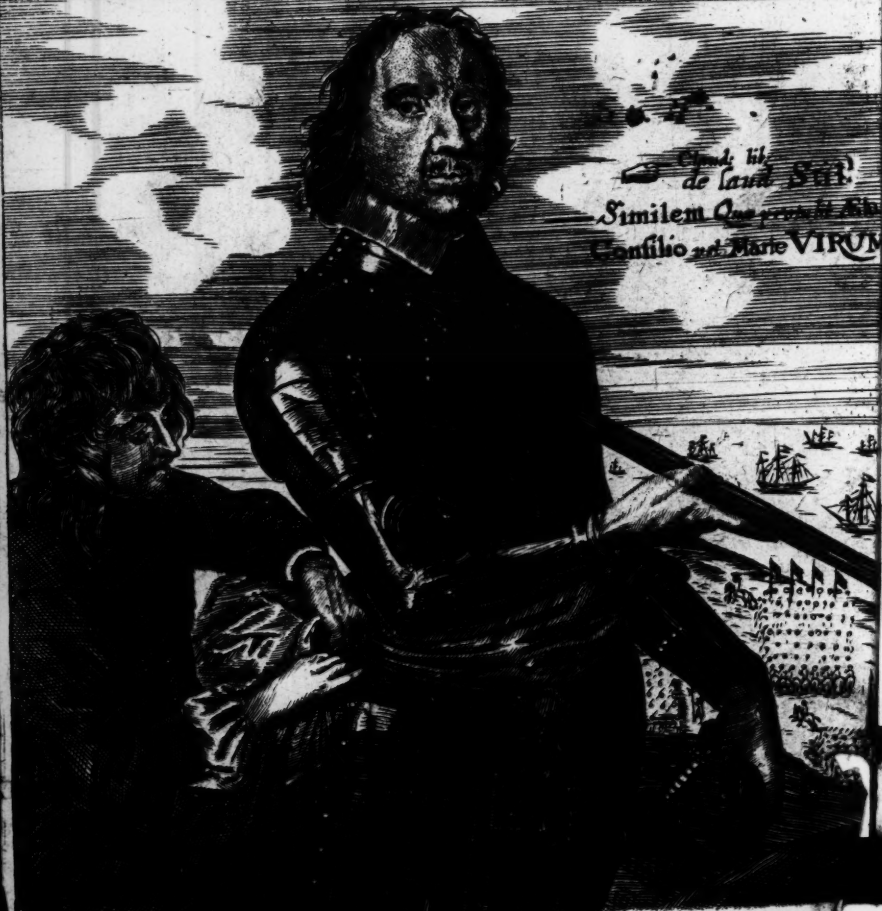


The Most excellent Oliver Cromwell Lord Gen<sup>l</sup> of Greate Brittain  
Chancellor of y<sup>e</sup> Vniversity of Oxford & 1<sup>st</sup> Chiefe Gover<sup>r</sup> of Ireland &c



Epitaphi  
de laud. S<sup>ci</sup>  
Similem Quo p<sup>ro</sup>u<sup>er</sup>biu<sup>m</sup> h<sup>ab</sup>et  
Consilio et Marte VIRUM

The Most excellent Oliver Cromwell Lord Gen<sup>l</sup> of Greate Brittain  
Chancellor of y<sup>e</sup> Vniversity of Oxford & 1<sup>st</sup> Chiefe Gover<sup>r</sup> of Ireland &c



Epitaphi  
de laud. S<sup>ci</sup>  
Similem Quo prout h<sup>ic</sup> h<sup>ic</sup>  
Consilio et Marte VIRUM

VENI; VIDI; VICI.

THE  
TRIUMPHS

OF THE

Most Excellent & Illustrious,  
OLIVER CROMWELL, &c.

Set forth in a *Panegyricke*.

Written Originally in Latine, and  
faithfully done into English  
Heroicall Verse,

By T:M: Jun. Esq.

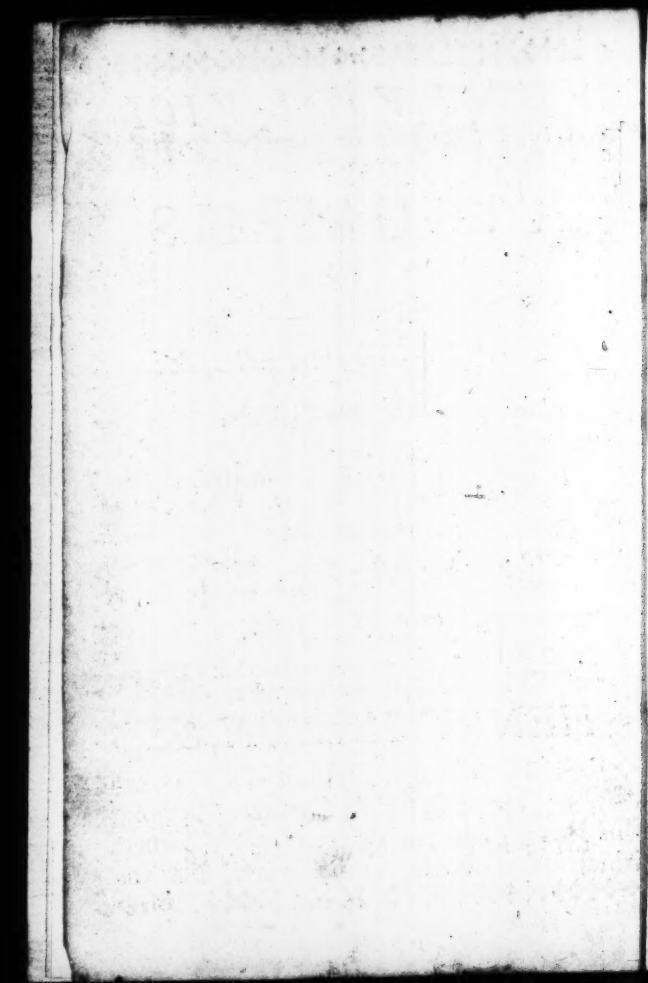
---

Whereto is added  
An *Elegy* upon the death of the late Lord Deputy  
of *Ireland*, the much lamented,

HENRY IRETON, &c.

---

LONDON,  
Printed for *Iohn Tey*, at the *White Lion* in  
the *Strand*, near the *New Exchange*, 1652.








TO THE  
Most Excellent, and Right  
Honourable, as well for his valou-  
rous Achievements, as His  
Incomparable Vertues,  
His Excellency  
**OLIVER CROMWELL,**

*Lord Generall of Great Brittain, Chancellor of  
the famous University of Oxford, Lord Chiefe  
Governour of Ireland: A Member of the  
Parliament of England, and of the Right  
Honourable the Councell of State.*

T is reported of *Cesar*, Right Ho-  
nourable Lord, that he never re-  
joyced more then when he heard  
his valiant exploits were spoken  
of in simple Cottages, alledging  
this, that a bright Sun shines in every corner;  
which makes not the beames worse, but the  
A 2 place

## The Epistle

place better. My Lord, having seen the following Panegyricke in Latine, a Language too high for the greatest part of our Nation to understand: and considering that it was a jewell exposed only to the view, not to the understandings of all, made me presume to render it into English, that even the meanest of our Natives might be able in their hearts with joy and thankfulness to confess the greatness of their Obligations to your Excellency; by whose successefull and divinely victorious hand the yoke is broken off their necks, and their happy Liberty restored, that thereby, with that great *Macedonian* Conquerour, there may not be so much as a Miller but both loves and praises thee.

Neither durst I offer to any other hand what is only fit to be laid on thine own Altars, least I might become presumptuously foolish, but that as the *Acts* sung in the ensuing Panegyrick were thine own, the honour of them thine own, so thou only thy selfe wert fit to be their Patron. Accept therefore, Most Noble Sir, these weake endeavours, whose only aime hath been to publish and make known thy Vertues in our uttermost Borders, and that it may appeare

## Dedicatory.

peare how evidently the hand of God hath gone along with thee in all thy Actions, and carried thee with triumphall honours through the midst of so many dangers.

May the Great God of Heaven and Earth still carry you on that you may add triumph to triumph, and be victorious on every side, till arrived at that height of earthly happiness than which no man can enjoy more, you may at last be crowned with eternall felicity; which is the humble desire, and hearty Prayer of

My Lord,

Jan..30.  
1652.

*Your Excellencies most devoted,  
in all duty and observance,*

*Tho. Manley Junior.*



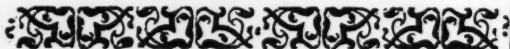
So that the Effigie of our Famous Nol  
Rather then here, deserv's Romes Capitoll,  
But if such thanks to him be due, what praise,  
What Heccatombs of Beev's, what Groves of Bayes  
Shall we designe thy worth, who mak'st his Song  
To vail it's Bonnet, to our English tongue.  
Th' Indulgent censure of succeeding times  
Shall crown thee (Manly) for thy flowing Rime,  
With the same Chaplet that wreathes Sands his brow,  
This he predicts, who honours thee, I vow,

SAMUEL SHEPPARD.



*Errata.*

**P**Age 3. line. 4. for *sate* read *state*, p. 10. l. 14. *bear*, r. *owe*,  
p. 11. l. 13. *deere*, r. *done*, p. 12. l. 1. *expect her*, r. *expects she*,  
*ibid.* l. 12. *brow*, r. *browes*, p. 23. l. 15. *strayning*, r. *streaming*,  
*ibid.* l. 17. *bracked*, r. *wracked*, p. 31. l. 14. *on*, r. *or*, p. 33. l. 7.  
*sbare*, r. *them*, p. 34. l. 8. *for*, r. *foe*, p. 38. l. 9. *Muse*, r. *Muses*,  
p. 52. l. 16. *louring*, r. *lowing*, p. 76. l. 17. *layd*, r. *lay*, p. 92.  
l. 1. *ibe*, r. *Thou*.



r. one,  
Et's she,  
aming.  
3. 1. 7.  
Miser,  
p. 92.

Triumphall *Canto* for the Victories of  
the Most Illustrious and Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
OLIVER CROMWELL, &c.

五

Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> And the rest of the  
the *Councell* of STATE, &c.

In the year of our Redemption, 1652;  
And of *Englands* Restored Liberty, 4

BY

T:M: *Fun.* Esq.

B

To

To the All-Worthy  
(The good hand of the great God  
so ordaining ;

And by the choice of the Supreme Authority  
of ENGLAND )

The Overseer of the *Common-wealth*,  
and Re-gained Liberty,

*JOHN* Lord BRADSHAVV,

Sergeant at LAVV, Chiefe Iustice of  
CHESTER, Chancellor of the Dutchy  
and County Palatine of LANCASTER,

LORD HIGH-PRESIDENT

OF THE  
Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Councell of STATE

AS ALSO,

To the rest of those ever Renow-  
ned Patriots, Sitting Members of  
the same Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Councell,



	<i>Bulstrode Whitlock,</i>	} Lords Commiss <sup>ners</sup>
God		} of the great Seale
	<i>John Lisle,</i>	} of England.
ority	<i>Oliver Saint-John,</i>	} Lords Chief Iustices
	<i>Henry Rolls,</i>	} of England.
th,	<i>Charles Fleetwood,</i>	Lieutenant-General
		of the ARMY.
	<i>Sir Arthur Haslerigge,</i>	} Knights and Baronets.
VV,	<i>Sir Henry Vane, junior,</i>	
	<i>Sir William Masham,</i>	
of	<i>Sir James Harrington,</i>	
ny	<i>Sir Gilbert Pickering,</i>	
	<i>William Purefoy,</i>	} Colonels.
	<i>Valentine Walton,</i>	
NT	<i>Major Richard Salloway.</i>	
	<i>Thomas Challoner,</i>	
TE	<i>Thomas Scot,</i>	
	<i>John Gourdon,</i>	} Esq.
	<i>John Carew,</i>	
OW	<i>Nicholas Love,</i>	
of	<i>Dionys Bond.</i>	

*Philip Earl of Pembroke.*

*Philip Sidney Viscount Lisle.*

*Sir William Constable,* } *Knights of the*

*Sir Peter Wentworth,* } *Bath.*

*Generall Rob. Blake,* *Admiral of the Sea.*

*Alexander Popham,* }

*Anthony Stapylton,*

*Herbert Morley,* } *Colonels.*

*Iohn Downes,*

*Henry Marten,*

*Robert Wallop,* } *Cornelius Holland,*

*Isaac Penington,* } *Abraham Burwell,*

*Henry Nevell,* } *William Masbam,* } *Esq.*

*Henry Herbert,* } *Iohn Dixwell,*

*William Heyes.* } *Iohn Corbet, &c.* }

*F. F.*

*Happinesse, Victory, Triumphs, &c.*



Sea.

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Honoured Lord, and you most eminent & worthy Patriots,



That I should go unarmed into  
the field to meet the Muses, the  
wishes of a few might easily  
perswade me, since my own affections drew me;  
Esq. by which Incitement egged on as by Spurs, I  
recalled my now old-grown Genius from the  
Camp to the Court, from the War to congratulate  
the return of the Lord-Chief-Generall.  
And who in such ovations would not even be  
is, & wrapt beyond himself? Who can contain his  
joy within bounds at so solemn, so publike a

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Triumph? That we may the better perceive the effects of this rejoycing, we must first weigh the causes. Cast your eyes then upon our conducting General, whose heroick acts (exceeding even the utmost limits of belief) to the present age proclaime their own triumph, and amazes succeeding generations with their greatness. Consider how with more then *Her-  
culean* strength he strook off the Head of those *Hydraes* of superstition with his Conquering Sword! How many *Centaur*s breathing forth nought but slavery hath he tamed! How many Troopes of enraged enemies hath he overthrown, and offered them so humbled as so many satisfactory victims to the publike liberty! Hence it proceeds that war is banisht from

our

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

our borders : hence is it that the serener beams  
of Concord have so cleerly darted down upon  
us : O the happines of *Brittain* grown even  
beyond expectation great ! For who can but ad-  
mire so many the elaborate endeavors of the  
Parliament ? Who will gaynsay you the suc-  
ceeding upholders of our State ? Who but will  
confess the immediate providence and Divine  
Finger of God to be seen even apparently in  
the victorious, atcheivements of our Generall ;  
In the acts of our Parliament, the Supreme  
Authority ; And in your own consultations  
and designs ? That therefore the happines of  
our established Common-wealth may the  
more largely be notified to all the world,  
weigh we but equally in the ballance of our

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

serious consideration the tottering basis even of the most firmly seated thrones ; but if your enemies are yet so stubborn that they will not be convinced thereby, let them peruse that excellent peece with a little seriousness that cleerly declares the Prerogative of Kings, and evidently defends the Priviledges and liberty of the people : but whereto tends this ? I will not obtrude upon your wisdoms trifling examples, or vain relations : for I have onely mentioned these few, that all your malicious enemies may know, and knowing confess, that God alone is King of Kings , and Lord of Lords, that he *puts down Princes* from their Thrones, and disposes of the powers of the world after his own pleasure.

Away

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Even Away then you malicious enemies of orders;  
your and since ye acknowledge all powers to come  
not from God, obey the *present* as Gods stewards  
t ex- placed here by himself for the governing of  
that the Common-Wealth. Me-think, even our  
, and publike profession of Religion should draw  
erry us to this, if our own security also did not whi-  
will sper the same; for it is somewhat an inhumane  
g ex- thing to resist our common, our publike Pa-  
nely rents, and altogether repugnant to reason, to  
use- kick against the Pricks. But I deviate from my  
that first proposition; and humbly beg your par-  
d of don, most worthy Fathers of the Common-  
their wealth, hoping you will cherish these first-  
f the fruits of my duty under the wings of your in-  
dulgent protection: Which have betaken  
Away themselves

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

themselves with a blushing humility to the sanctuary of your Honors goodness. An Olive is sometime brought in amongst the costliest dainties and well relisht too ; somtimes the Ivy doth happily grow and increase among trees of a greater tallness : And you, most Noble *Heroes*, suffer this low-growing Ivy to creep forth among the Laureat Cypresses of your Eminencies. If you approve of these my desires, and favor my present endeavors, you will infuse new life and confidence into me, who may enterprise a greater work worthy acknowledgement, perhaps both from your selves and future ages.

In the meanwhile, the All-great, the All-good God make you all unanimous even for e-

ver

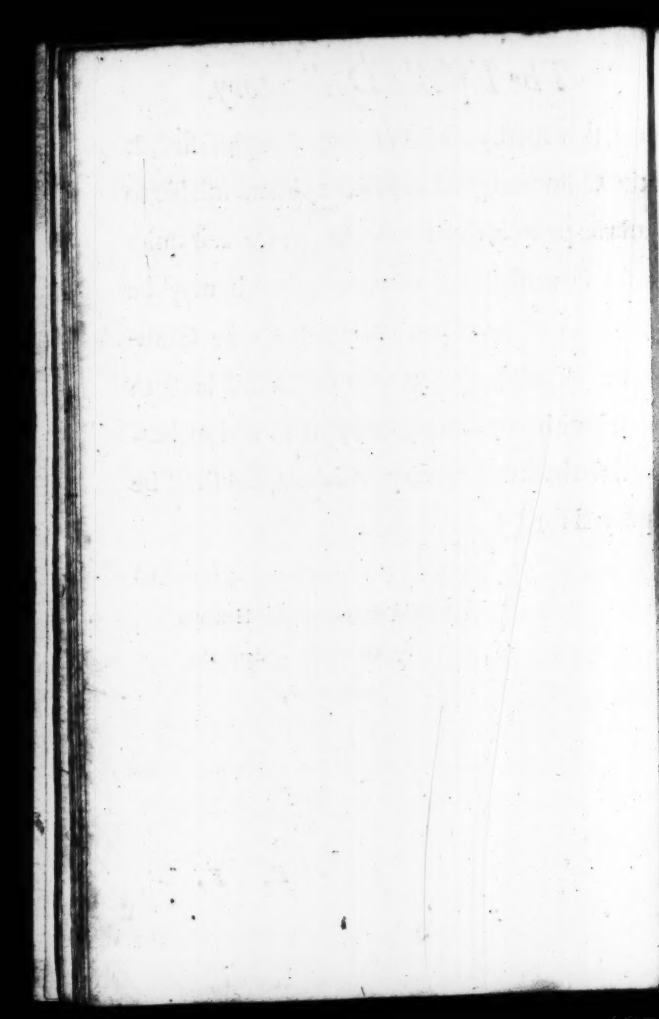


## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

ver, that therby his Church may be glorified, &  
the Common good and liberty be inviolable to  
all the people, that the secure peace and quiet  
of a flourishing Common-Wealth may be  
reciprocall from you and yours to the Com-  
mon-Wealth; that ye may be blessed here in  
earth with continuing happiness, and in hea-  
ven with future eternity, which is, and shall be  
prayed for by

The most obliged to your Honours  
by all bonds of duty and  
obedience,

F. F.





## *A Gratulatory Ode of Peace.*



LL hail great Patron of our *English*  
Isle !

Dreadfull as lightning to the *Irish*  
vile,

Double triumpher o're the *Scottish* crown,  
Chief refuge of the godly when cast down,  
Restorer of our liberty once lost !

All Hail ! whose warlike actions every coast  
Doth Eccho, and the world fill with the fame  
Of the deserving vertues of his Name.

# A Gratulatory

Rise now ye Muses, help ye Virgin Quire  
*Aonian* Nymphes, once all your skill inspire;  
 Favor my task, our Generalls praise I'de sing,  
 From whose each act Honor and greatness spring.  
 And thou, who of the supream Parliament,  
 Art ( justice prop ) the worthy *President*,  
 With the same calmness both of brest and eye  
 That you into much greater writings spy,  
 Deign but to look at ours, *Thalia* then  
 May happen somewhat stoop to grace my pen.  
 And you brave *Heroes*, whose grave counsels waite  
 Upon the high designments of the State;  
 And who skill'd in the Laws do first amend,  
 And then the burden of their rule defend;  
 So that stout *Atlas* is not said more even  
 With a strong shoulder to prop up the heaven:  
 You steere the *English*, you the Pilots are,  
 You sit at prow and poope in peace and war,

While

# Ode of P E A C E.

3

While you do seek *Charybdis* sad to fly,  
And would put off the Rocks of Monarchy,  
With safe and gentle gales you change the Scene,  
And make a Sate where Monarchy hath beene ;  
Thus free from danger at the last in health  
Arrives ith' port a happy Common-wealth.  
Tell me ye Muses in your milder Vein  
To sing these changes what must be my strain.  
These joy'd retreates no verse can truly sing,  
*Cromwells* return doth nought but raptures bring.  
Til now the earth groan'd through the weight of war,  
Scarce was the care of cattell, use of share ;  
The fields were barren and did useles ly,  
Through the neglect of ceasing Husbandry.  
Wisdom was out of date, had no regard,  
*Minerva* and the Muses small reward,  
The pious Prophets little leasure had,  
With warlike tumults being made afraid.

Such

Such and the like displeasures alwayes are  
Attendants on the rage of kindled war.  
*Cromwell* but thou (thy Countreyes hope and care,  
Pious in Peace and politick in war;  
The present age their glory reads in him,  
And the amazement of succeeding time)  
Hast shut up *Janus* place with treble gates,  
And strongly call'd back Peace from lower shades,  
Whence to the Rulers both and people brought  
Shewes better times to those that better sought.  
Hence to us *English* springeth up new blis,  
And just reward to learning promis'd is.  
*Parnassian* Laurell will put forth new shoots,  
The mourning Muses will retune their *Lutes*,  
To sing new verses: no less doth the State,  
Arms being laid aside, grown moderate,  
Revive and rise again even from her urne  
At thy so wished, thy so joy'd returne;

# Ode of P E A C E.

5

Feeling her changed reines she doth implore,  
That Tyrants never her may ravish more.  
Religion saw thee come and hasted hither,  
Mercy and Piety met thee together,  
And here began to settle : Justice too  
Came back from heaven, and here her self did shew;  
And banisht from our *English* Coasts those jarres  
Which breeding factions had commenced warres.  
As the Sun entring th' *Agenorian* signe,  
The happy Planet doth the earth refine,  
And the celestiall vertue quickning th'earth  
Begins new pledges for a tender birth :  
So doth blest *England* flourish joy'd while shee  
Her Generall returning safe did see;  
The dancers leap'd, the Musick sweetly playde,  
The warlike *Trumpet* too rejoycing made,  
No hostile clangor to blood-swelling veines,  
But sweetly Warbles forth some gentler straynes.

The zealous vulgar this just joy relent,  
 Meeting therein City and Parliament;  
 The Souldier more safe rejoyces now  
 With *Olive* wreathes on his triumphall brow;  
 He even his well-come Generall adores,  
 And out of's heart to heaven thanksgiving powres.  
 Thrice happy *Brittans*, whom the world so call,  
 Under the care of such a Generall!  
 As Children, Parents, *England* values thee,  
 Or as a Bride her Husband, so doth shee:  
 Whil'st broke with *Scottish* tumults, growing harms,  
 And shook with cruell *Mars* his bloody arms,  
 Begins at last at least to hope to see  
 Her Treasure-blood-bought quiet under Thee.

But stay my Muse, rash *Clio*, whither away?  
 Thou know'st not how thy sails plow up the Sea;  
 Hold in, and lesser use the winde and Sail,  
 At the first setting out Oars best prevail.



# Ode of P E A C E.

7

It is enough for triall once to soare  
Up to the highest top of glories store ;  
But if high flying now I shipwrack shall,  
I shall arise much prouder by my fall;  
For why? 'twould comfort both, and credit be  
In such a gulph of vertues even to dye.  
The league of peace so long since made was broke,  
By the unfaithfull *Scot*, who did provoke  
The harmles *English* by injurious harmes,  
To punish treachery with Victorious armes.  
The *Scottish* truce thus broken, straight contempt,  
A while was throwne on th' *English* Parliament ;  
Deceits by little to increase begin,  
At which report *Bellona* entring in,  
Taking the *Vizor* off did soon produce  
The horrid actions that were then in use.  
As fire rak'd up in ashes doth revive,  
And by a gentle blast new heat receive;

# *A Gratulatory*

First burning softly, with the hable playes,  
 And like uneven shrubs, anon doth blaze  
 More fiercely, while still it burning moves,  
 And levels without number woods and groves ;  
 Sparing nor knotty *Beach*, high *Ash* nor *Pine*,  
 So much renowned for that head of thine ;  
 Thus rageth *Scotland* in her war, her ire,  
 While every house brings fewell to the fire :  
 While every hand and age more arms do bring,  
*Scotland* of nought but warlike troopes did ring.  
 Such was the madness of the Priests, and such  
 The *Presbyterian* power, and so much  
 Besides the peoples dotings were so great,  
 Of that which heaven withstands, 'tis vain to treat.  
 A swift, a sure revenge, plagues, death, what not  
 Will persecute the Covenant-breaking *Scot*.  
 God will destroy them : *Cromwell* doth appeare  
 With his unconquer'd troopes victorious there,

# Ode of P E A C E.

9

Removing hence, the war he there doth start,  
More cunning then the foe in his own art.  
Thus the unhappy *Scot* is compass round  
Within the limits of his proper ground,  
And turn'd their sword on their own plotting pate;  
By them for us intended with such hate:  
Thus did *Perillus* in those torments dye  
Wherein he others had design'd to lye.

The Generall proceeds ; the Common peace,  
And common danger do his cares increase,  
To waite his troopes to *Scottish* ground in time ;  
Who meetes a sickness cures it in its prime.  
He undertook this journey, that he might  
His countreys honor and the people right :  
Worthy revenger of unfaithfull acts,  
Whose virtue famous by so many facts,  
Oppressed with so many treacheries,  
Ennobled with so many victories,

Tryed with so many sufferings ; yet no art  
 Could make him waver, fear, give ground or start ;  
 Learning at last that ridicule to know,  
 A *Scottish* battail is but wars mock-show.  
 So the fair *Cyprels* having fixt his rootes,  
 Boasting her high-top-growing, heaven-sent shootes  
 Doth nothing fear winters tempestuous stormes,  
 Nor *Tyrant Æolus* his threatned harmes.

Then go to *Fame*, paint out old *Times* best story,  
 We can no less then *Romane Trophies* glory;  
 Admire our *Cromwell*, fading *Englands* fort,  
 A scone where to the *Britaines* may resort.  
 Not *Italy* to *Fabius*, nor *Greece*  
 So much doth beare to her *Themistocles*,  
 Nor *Carthage* proud to her known *Harail*,  
 As we to our renowned Generall :  
 Nor *Trojan Hector*, nor *Æneas* just,  
*Penelopes Vlysses* neither must,

## Ode of P E A C E.

II

Or *Priam* Equall him : though *Fame* their glory boast  
Upon the confines of each several coast.  
Blest *Hero*, whose uprightnes all commands,  
Whose joy in vertue more then triumph stands,  
Thou scorn'st the peoples suffrage, or their praise,  
Those airy cracks cannot thy *Trophies* raise;  
Thus doest thou valiant Leader overthrow  
Thine enemies, thy selfe thus conquer too.  
While you curb passions sea, and wandring sense;  
You shew your self guarded with reasons fence;  
As *Castor* is reported to restrain,  
Those tam'd yoke-bearers with *Amylean* rain,  
Well dear ! thou care of heaven ! the sole renown  
Of future ages, *Brittains* fort and crown,  
Thy Countrey ownes thee as her Dearest Son,  
Yet doth to thee as to a *Father* run;  
While shewing hearty Love, she *quits* now free,  
All former *Tyes* at thy return for *Thee*.

Expect her peace | her reformation must  
Have *thee* her refuge, her assured trust ;  
The fatall judgment seat doth ask the same,  
The Courts of Justice even adore thy name,  
And in the fatall danger that they stand,  
Implore the help of thy victorious hand.

But too much hast is nought, stay, what do I  
In this mean paper scribe things so high ?  
These are not things for our so humble quill,  
Void or of worth, or confidence, or skill ;  
Nor *Ivy* dare I put among the boughes  
Of conquering *Cypress* circling round your brow.  
Why should I speak the rest ? why should I blaze  
The civill battailes of our troubled dayes ?  
To count the conquered foes, the nobles slain,  
This is a labor, this a work of pain ;  
Whose many funeralls and herfes stand,  
So many *Trophies* of thy conquering hand.

*Marston,*

# Ode of P E A C E.

13

*Marston*, and famous *Tork* will *Pillars* raise,  
With large inscriptions for thy greater praise :  
*Naisby* Triumphall Arches will compile,  
Excelling far the *Pyramides* of *Nile* ;  
Though to the wandring stars th' advance their head ;  
And in Fames book are the worlds wonders read.

This was no period, here no end as yet  
To his atcheivement, or his praise was set ;  
*England* alone can't circumscribe his fame,  
The *world* it selfe's too narrow for his name :  
While o're the sea you waft your troopes, and goe  
Implacably upon another foe,

*Ogygian* nets were laid ; the *Irish* shore  
Trembled at thy approach, though proud before.  
Thus conqueror in *England*, you proceede  
The Rebell-*Irish* to chastise with speede ;  
O're whom victorious too, at last you come  
To scourge the *Scot* in his own hated home.

And

And brought t<sup>h</sup> their necks under a double chain,  
Who were before impatient of the rain.  
The glory is as great, the happiness,  
Of conquering *that* people, is no less  
Then from that feared watching *Dragon* fell,  
By cunning stratagems the *fleece* to steal;  
Or the half Bull, half man *Chimera* tame,  
Kept in the *Cretane* Labyrinth of fame.  
Thus you proceede still happily, and do  
As often *fight*, so often *triumph* too.  
While for your *Countreys* liberty and right,  
While for *Religions* sake you truly fight;  
Even God will help you, and the stars will stand,  
Assistant to your troops in rear and van.  
The heaven staves for thee, moving not a jot,  
An ample Weight of glory hast *thou* got.  
To have the *Thund'rer* lead *thee* as it were,  
And to have servants full of pious care;



*Vulcan* himself put on thy arms, and those  
Sicilian *Cyclops* magazines compose,  
*Brontes* thy feared *Crest* and helmet made,  
And *Steropes* temper'd the active blade  
Of thy all-threatening sword, *Pyracmon* yields  
His best endeavors to thy massy shields;  
Thy *Huntingdon* doth still this favour crave,  
Thee with her native brooks and springs to lave.  
*Tethys* her self brought up thy horse, neer whom  
*Arion*, *Theron* can't for courage come,  
Nor *Cyllarus*, nor *Aethon* can compare,  
Made tame by *Pollux* hand the yoke to beare.  
On Souldiers backs how well do corslets sit !  
How well do martiall hearts and breast-plates fit !  
When once the *Scottish Armies* saw the fire  
Diffuse it self, each minute growing higher,  
When once they saw our so-increasing light,  
And crests whose tops like diamonds shined bright,

There

There might'st thou in amazement see men stand,  
Of fearfull coward hearts, and trembling hand,  
And trees were from their stations like to fall,  
Such was the presence of our Generall.  
As on the *Lybian* coasts, when weaker beasts  
See a fierce Lion range those long-left waists,  
If they distrust their heels and fear to fly,  
Straight at his feet they lay them down to dy.  
So barbarous *Scotland* did thy entrance dread :  
Magnanimous *Cromwell*, fear neer made her dead ;  
The shadow of so great a name as *Thine*,  
Made *Caledonia* tremble when but scene,  
So did our standards fright those *Scottish* slaves,  
They shun'd our troopes and sought them safer caves.  
Lik *Crowes* that hover o're those fields, where *Mars*  
Hath glutted's fury in the heat of wars,  
Sitting securely safe, while all is still;  
Preying now here, now there with greedy bill ;

# Ode of P E A C E.

17

But if a hasty hunts-man, or by chance  
On that sad place a traveller do glance,  
Affrighted straight their pitch-like-wings they take,  
And with out-stretched necks the same forsake.

Tell me ye *Scots* : how oft were you defeat  
By war-like *Cromwell*? *Towns* how strong and great,  
With Forts and Castles hath he overthrowne?  
In one years compals, how *much* hath he done?  
Go to, and call to minde that former fight,  
When *famous Cromwell* with his very sight  
Uanquish't your coward Armies, and did venter  
The quitted garrison of *Dunbar* to enter.

Speak ( if old griefs 'tis lawfull to renew )

You that the confines of (once) *Gladsmore* knew,  
*Relate* those slaughters ; when stout *Lambert* fought,  
The great *Montgomery*, and to nothing brought  
Both his and *Nairnes* troopes ; I say relate  
When his small force on *Hamilton* did waite,

And

And in a hasty, yet well order'd fight,  
Great-bragging *Kerr* and's fellows put to flight,  
*Lambert*, what more should I of thee set down?  
That art thy Countreys both and *Yorkes* renown  
Who draw't the *English* with the cords of Love,  
But mak't the *Scots* thy swords sharp edges prove,  
While careless of thy blood, thou dost encrease  
And to the *English* would'st establish Peace.  
Who can recount the foes slain by thy hand?  
What arms have been reduc'd by thy command?  
For *Mars*'s quill these things are onely fit,  
They onely suite with *Homers* sharper wit.  
Great *Fleetwood* ! of our present age the glory,  
Of future times the trust and faithfull story,  
It is not fit, nor can our humble string  
The worthy prayſes of thy actions sing,  
For why? such plenty cloyes, and I grow dry  
Like *Tantalus* in midst of waters high.

Nor can I speak enough of what was done  
By thy fam'd vertues gallant *Harrison*;  
That by thy growing merits doest augment,  
Thy *Countreys* honor: neither art thou spent  
With stollen titles studying how to rise,  
But lying vainer honors dost despiie,  
Knowing that granted truth, that thou shalt get  
More noble glory, to be *good* then *great*.  
*Whaley*, who truly can thy praise set forth?  
Most noble *Deane*, what can describe thy worth,  
Potent at sea and land, whose ready skill  
Is fortunately met with active will?  
Or who, brave *Okey*, can thy deeds rehearse  
As they deserve in a sublimer verse?  
Nor can I famous *Lytcot* pass thee by,  
Or let *Monkes* actions in oblivion ly,  
Vnder the *first* of *whom* my self begun  
In *Martiall* pathes a ready course to run.

First when the *Scots* on *English* riches prey'd,  
Next when our troopes the *Irish* did invade.  
No more, it is enough, I must not pass  
Th' appointed limits of my hour-glass.  
To you, brave Souldiers, I this little sing,  
Summing great acts in compass of a ring ;  
The time perchance may come, (if once my Muse  
Can take the boldness confidence to use )  
That I may write such fields, such deedes, such wars,  
More largely, by the help of favouring stars,  
And to discover in a graver strain,  
The many Triumphs of your *Irish* gain.  
With such like Omens war-like *Lambert* still  
Proceedes; and *Scotland* doth with terror fill,  
Which straight began with an inveterate hate  
Some new seditions to meditate.  
The villages lost peace; when Country Clownes,  
And brawny neat-herds fled to fenced townes.

# Ode of P E A C E.

21

What rage and terror then was in the brest  
Of *Musleborow*, ipoyled of her rest,  
To hear her neighbouring *Croziers* crack, and see  
O're all her bordering fields slain bodies lie ?

Say, when our *Leader* did possess those hills  
Of *Penc-land*, and their tops with *foot-men* fills.  
How was th'adjoyning Countrey moved, and how  
Did murmurs through the villages creep now ?

The sword and bullet knocking at the gate,  
*Red-house* was open'd to the souldiers straight,  
And *Collington* seeing our lucky hap,  
Yieldest thy self into the conquerors lap.

Relate that happy *Omen* of our war,  
The famed wondrous battel of *Dumbar*,  
Fit to be kept for ever holy, when  
*Cromwell*, more strong in's vertue then in's men,  
O'rethrew the head-strong impious rout of those,  
Call'd the *Kirk-party* but the *Churches* foes.

D

What

*A Gratulatory*

What liberty was then, how cruel rage  
Was acted by the sword on every age !  
The bullets flew, o're all the field were spread  
Disheartned men that dying were, or dead ;  
Nor from the darkened skie doth ever fall  
So much, so great, so terrible a hail,  
Even when the Sun his shining lustre shrouds  
Under the threatning veiles of sable clouds ;  
Or when thick mists the darkned air bedew,  
Foreshewing rainy weather to ensue.  
The ground infectious grew, with such a blast  
Was layd as open all the woody wast ;  
The beeches fall, the husbandman doth finde  
His broken corn lodg'd by this furious winde,  
And nipt his blooming hopes even in their bud,  
Which in his thoughts before as ripned stood ;  
Thus did *Bellona* proud of slaughter rage,  
Boasting her self in funeralls and strage



# Ode of P E A C E.

23

Fell *Mars* his work, while with the blood that's shed  
 The very hands of every man grew red.  
 Alas ! what store of *Scottish* Commons fell,  
 What Priests, what clerks, what leaders? how did swell,  
 That great account by the vast multitude,  
 Of the unknown and name-less vulgar rude ?  
 Tell me ye Muses, what loss did redound,  
 What damage to those *Scottish* vagabonds,  
 Flying disperſed o're the ſcattering plain,  
 Unto the neighbor gariſon, though vain.  
 Alas ! the paſtures did abound with woe,  
 Proceeding from that tragick overthrow ;  
 The bodies of ſlain men lay ſcatt'ed here,  
 Wounded and maimed in their members there,  
 Straying their purple blood upon the graſs,  
 Even moving pity in ſuch foes as paſs.  
 As in a ſhip bracked by ſtormy blaſts,  
 Whoſe broken ribs, here, there, the Ocean caſts

Now under water, now above again.

What discord grows there in the swelling main !

The decks can't keep the saylers, now the mast,

*Anon* the Sail-yard 's in the waters cast.

Here the sailes float far off, and there behold,

Both Pilots seat, and rowers loose their hold.

Such madness in that *Scottish* rout did raig,

So fell their Souldiers, so their youth was slain.

The horse forsake the foot ; th'unhappy foot

Turning the scale straight leave the hori-men to't.

But see ! their coward leaders arms thrown by

Leave both forsaken, and most basely fly ;

By providence thus *Cromwell*, still you bear

A Lawrell in your hand as conquerer ;

Thus with the sword the *falling Scot* you reach,

And the rewards of peace from war you fetch ;

Extracting honey from that *fatal juice*,

Which all men else as poysonous refuse

# Ode of P E A C E.

25

Let all posterity think how *memorable*  
*That* fight to th'*English* was and *profitable* !  
 Which we who find the profit must confess,  
 Then the great'st acts of former times no less.  
 For if we weigh the *English* few weak hands,  
 And note the foes so great, so many bands ;  
*Marins* himself gave not so great a blow,  
 Vnto the *Cimbrians* in their overthrow :  
 Nor was that famed *Persian* defeat,  
 At *Marathon* so cruell or so great,  
 When stout *Miltiades* the fight made good,  
 Even till the field was buried in blood.

Thus happy *Cromwell*, daring greatest things,  
 Adswounds to wounds, slaughters to slaughters brings,  
 Leaving the road, his sword new wayes did hew  
 Through that base people, till a conquest grew.  
 Let fame forget each ancient Roman wighte,  
 And not *Fabrins* or *Serranus* cite :

*Flaminium* cease! or *Fabius* to read,  
 That by delays his slaved Countrey freed;  
 Speak not of *Pompey*, nor the deeds enhance  
 Of *Cesar*, that to heaven their fame advance.  
 Neither let *Greece* in all her height of pride,  
 Brag of her *Heroes* that were *Deify'd*,  
 Nor her *Vlysses* of so sharp a wit,  
 Nor *Jason* that the *golden fleece* did get.  
 For why? the *Vertues* of our *Generall*  
 Equall the *Trophies* of these worthies all.  
 What said I equall? heaven will witness bear,  
 Our *Mars* his fame exceeds their want as far  
 As the tall *Cypress*, that so high doth grow,  
 O're-tops the *Ivy* that but creeps below.  
 For if we may speak truth, but one great deed,  
 The ancient *Heroes* famous oft decreed;  
 One *Hector* made *Achilles* fam'd, and one  
*Darius* rais'd the name of *Macedon*.

# Ode of P E A C E.

27

But one *Heraclian* vict'ry did create  
*Pyrrhus* not onely great but fortunate.  
To *Hannibal* one *Canna* gave a name,  
*Scipio* from *him* did raise a latter fame.  
One *Mithridates* heighten'd *Pompeys* praise,  
Whose fall did *Julius Casars Trophies* raise;  
So the *Lernean* Lake one *Hydra* bred,  
In the *Arcadian* woods one wild boar fed,  
On the *Nemean* rock one *Lion* was,  
One *Geryon* for Three bodies did surpass,  
But one *Antaus* of *Gigantick* frame,  
Whom thou *Alcides* with thy club didst tame.  
But *Cromwell's* greater yet, whose frequent blowes  
Thousand *Gigantike* monsters overthrowes,  
Taming proud Nobles with a fatall stroke,  
Bringing their necks under a servile yoke;  
Revenger of *Scotch* Tyranny, who will,  
On the poor people better laws distill.

But

D 4

At

At last, report had carried neer and far,  
 The news of this, the slaughter of *Dumbar*,  
 And the Kirk-party overthrown relates.  
 Thus forced by their neighbors evill fates,  
 And the quick fall of many castles strong,  
 To *Istrome*, *Crawford*, *Godward* that belong,  
 To reckon which would to a volum mount,  
 And 'tis unfit at present to recount :  
 They yield themselves, and to our mercy leave  
 Their empty walls, our Souldiers to receive.  
 As a free *Lyon* ranging in the plain,  
 Doth mock the barking of the dogs as vain,  
 And conscious of his strength, fears nought, but flies  
 Enraged on the Hunts-mens treacheries,  
 Chasing the dogs, and Hunts-men here and there,  
 Making a *VACHUNN* where he doth appear.  
 Whole herdes of beasts through terror stand as dumb,  
 And at his pleasure *Vassals* do become,  
Being

# Ode of P E A C E.

29

Being too few to tyre the preying *paw*  
Of wolves and beares, or glut their greedy maw;  
Choosing their death, they'd be *one* Lyons food,  
Rather then thousand dogs should suck their blood.

Tell me ye *Muses* (that do oft relate  
The greater actions of a rising state.)  
Tell me I say, what horrors did arise,  
In *Edinburghs* ~~sad~~ dwellers hearts and eyes,  
When first our *Generall* did invest about  
That City with his spreading armies stout?  
Say, in thy streets how did the tumults roare,  
When, *Edinburgh*, thy Natives greater store  
Fled, and of comfort did themselves bereave,  
And of their own accord their dwellings leave;  
When both the *Souldiers* and *Commanders* runs  
Shelt'ring themselves in *High-land* Garrisons?  
Like birds by coming winter forc'd away  
To warmer climats for a surer stay.

Such

Such was that Cities terror, and so great.  
But the more generous sons of *Mars* retreat  
Into the *Castle*, that for building rare  
And strength, with our best *English* may compare ;  
Then which in all the *Caledonian* land  
(*Sterling* except) a rarer doth not stand.  
For this those other Castles doth out-vye,  
As a grand *monastery* built on High,  
Those other *creeping* houses doth out-go,  
Which round about it placed are below.  
Or as the *Moon* those lesser light excels  
That in the sky are hidden as in cells;  
Now *Cromwells* fame and labors did designe  
The *Castle* and defenders t'undermine.  
Upon the towers they their standards place,  
Part guard the walls, part are in other case  
Loading with stones the upper battlement.  
Nor did their rage stay here, but further went  
Within,



Within, without their fury they display ;  
Here some the corn, there others cut down hay,  
Cramming their bags to bursting, corne and all  
That they can reach hoarding within their wall,  
And what through fear they can't import they burne,  
Themselves chief foes unto their fruits and corne.

Alas poor wretched *Citizens*, whose fate  
Is to become sadly unfortunate ?

Whither, O whither do you think to fly  
From a Provoked angry Deity ?

Though you inclose your selves in rocks, and heap  
Up strengths together liberty to keep ;

Yet neither walls nor forts can force delay  
On swift revenge, when in her hastened way  
The strongest gates cannot resist her force ;

No brazen walls with-holds her in her course ;

Nor can your Castle, (which such Columnes beare  
Though to the clouds it's lofty head it reare,)

ithin,

Can

Can from the scourge of *Cromwells* wrath secure  
Your guilt, or to you liberty insure.

But now under the walls our *Generall* came  
And of his coming overwent the fame,  
(That they might never into question call,  
The carefull mercy of our *Generall*)  
When drawing neer, he first a summons sent,  
That if they would be speedily content  
To yield the Castle so besieged, he  
Would give them quarter and fair liberty.  
*Such* pious godly care we only finde  
Kept in the casket of a *noble* minde ;  
But they elated with vain-glorious pride,  
With boasting brags our clemency deride.  
( Free from our Souldiers, in their Castle safe )  
With jeering taunts they at our proffers laugh ;  
Straight they'r alarum'd, and the trumpets sound  
To arms, each *Scot* takes his appointed ground.

And

# Ode of P E A C E.

33

And now with wrath the blood begins to boil,  
The cruell sword, and fire begin the spoil,  
The heaven even thunders with the noise of war,  
The flying bullets dark the troubled air.  
Nor do the Northerne windes more loudly rage,  
When *Aeolus* op'ning their close kept cage,  
Lets there rush out, and calleth back again  
*Orion* with the windes that showre down rain.

On th'other side did *Cromwells* army stand  
*Triumphing* in their victory, not gain'd ;  
A squadron of *old* footmen pitched here,  
Who for a famous death had quit all fear ;  
And with undaunted courage dare to run,  
And meet the bullet from the thundring gun,  
Dreadless receiving the swords direfull stroke,  
Even *destiny* it self they dare *provoke*.  
The famous Generall bold on these straight calls  
For warlike *Engines* to approach the walls.

And

Wherewith

Wherwith the strongest He can soon make weak,  
And through the inmost rooms of Castles break.  
Nor in the *Cannon* was his only hope,  
Worse *Instruments* of death are now laid ope ;  
A Mortar-peece was brought, whose very sight  
Sufficient was th' *immured* for to fright  
(About the mouth it did appeare more wide  
In a great Circle raising up the side)  
When it goes off, you sulphurous flames may note  
Fram'd by the *Cyclops*, belching from his throat ;  
You would beleeeve the heaven were *darknes* grown,  
And that the *Basis* of the Earth made moan :  
It did but make a noise, and straight there was  
A Breach, wherby whole Troops of men might passe.  
Hence by this thunder, with these frequent blows  
Weary'd at length, the *Castle* fearfull grows,  
And that wals best upholders, those same Bars  
VWhich never danger knew in former wars,

Did now begin to shake, and doubt their strength,  
Fearing their utter ruine at the length.

The besieg'd Citizens now in despaire  
Their courage lose, and 'tis their only care  
That they together hand in hand may dye  
In this so publike a calamity.

All things their ruine feare, and to be brought  
Or to their ancient *Chaos*, or to nought :

Now they beleeeve the Stars inflam'd may fall,  
And that their eyes see the worlds Funerall.

Not much unlike a well-grown Hart (that doth  
In his faire hornes equall the Beeches growth,

And in his flight the wind) insnar'd at last  
Stands at a bay, th' Hunters about him cast

Into a Ring, seeing himselfe beset

By barking Hounds, intangled in a net,

Perceives their closing shoutings set a date

Unto his Life, and hasten on his Fate.

Sad Fate of *Scotland* ! doubly full of woes ;  
Within by terrors, and without by foes.  
And in these factions doubtfull what they will,  
Whether to *yeeld* their *strength* or *keep* it still,  
Th' issue proceeds from wavering desire.  
On this side whisp'ring hope doth good inspire ;  
Standing on that side hurtfull feare they find  
With various fancies to disturbe their mind :  
But taught by greater evils of the wars,  
And by the influence of malignant Stars,  
While they do weigh the strength of adverse Arms,  
And see their Neighbors daily growing harms ;  
*Fears* overcame at last, and so decreed,  
That to *surrender* there was *fatall* need.  
Say ; then what *glory* did our Troops receive,  
When such a Foe did such a Castle leave ;  
And *Cromwell*, having gotten both the Place  
And *Magazines*, did presently possesse

The same with chosen souldiers of his own,  
Making that Princely Fort his Garrison.  
Thus *Edenborough* taken, all the rest  
That were of smaller strength, themselves address  
To *Him* in hope of mercy, learning wit,  
To *Cromwells* sword with patience to submit.  
At *Paulus* death the case with *Rome* thus stood,  
When *Canna* was o'reflown with *Roman* blood,  
Th' *Apulians*, *Brutians*, *Samnites*, fell away,  
With the unfaithfull, though rich *Capua*,  
Opening her Gates to conquering *Hannibal*,  
Fearing his Force might be too Tragical.  
What should I speak of *Kelbright*, *Kinmore*, *Hame*?  
Or why of *Black-ness* should I talk assume?  
*Kilcombrey's* gone, nor could *Tantallon* scape  
Free from our swords most just though furious Rape:  
Though spurred on by malice, madnesse, haile,  
With horrid flames he laid whole Townships waile.

'Tis not my work to write each action,  
 Or name each Fort or Town, great *Cromwell* won,  
 That tedious Labor would be much more fit,  
 For an Historians accurater wit,  
 Who in large folio Chronicles indite,  
 Whose length great acts doth rather hide then write;  
*Leith, Lithgoe, Rosband*, I pass by and more,  
 To sing atcheivements, never done before.

Tell me ye *Muse*; how it came to pass,  
 That in our *Troopes* such confidence there was;  
 And how beyond all common humane sense,  
 In all designs we had such confidence:  
 When our brave *Leader* did each day renew,  
 His horse the flying enemy to pursue,  
 In little boats he sent a thousand foot,  
 Over the *Frish*, to put the foe to rout.  
 Who did so well, that the astonisht flood  
 Was purple colour'd with the enemies blood.



Great was that work ; whose like was never found  
Within the limits of all *Scotlands* ground.

*Horatius Cocles*, thy report be dumbe,  
And wonder at the *dotage* of *old Rome*.

Thus is the sea cover'd with ships and boats,

*Cesar* himselfe did not more safely float

Upon the *Rhene*, or tame the prouder course

Of *Rhodanus* proud waves by witty force;

Nor did *Augustus* teach *Araxis* so,

By joyning banks, th' yoke to undergo.

Nor did great *Xerxes* merit such a name,

When he the rouling waves did seek to tame

By casting fetters on them, and did threat

Irons to *Neptunes* selfe at his retreat.

Happy that voyage was, happy in both

Its *end* and *entrance* ; the *Pellean* youth

Did not more fame by his atchievement win,

Nor with more happy Omens did begin,

(Fear'd by the *Moores*, and *Indians*) when he was  
 Convey'd o're *Ganges* as a Common pass,  
 And all the dangerous hardships did o're-come  
 Of the *Gigantike* *Pornu* far from home.

Tell me, what rage or fury thence did flow,  
 What wrath in *Iohns-town* dwellers hearts did grow,  
 When *our* brave troops possess'd the adverse shore,  
 And made *Fife* tremble with their coming o're,  
 While yet we are hardly entred, and our scouts  
 The neighbor coasts were ranging round about.  
 What a new *tempest* bringing death did rage,  
 Dewing the moistned fields with blood and strage ?  
 War made men mad, the fields were cover'd too  
 With growing tumults and with ensignes new.  
 Their army rag'd, as if all *Scotland* had  
 To ruine *Cromwell* a conjunction made :  
 But he resolv'd for *all*, doth undergo  
 Meekly, the worst *Fortune* can put him to,

For the high glory of the *English* name,  
And to protect *Religion* from shame.  
Protected thus and guarded from above,  
To adverse coasts he doth more boldly move.  
He doth the sword and bullet fearless pass,  
Standing against them as a wall of brass.  
Like to a rock that lifts his towring head  
Above the Sea by tempests furrowed;  
When th' angry windes lift up her waves so high,  
That you would think they'd reach the very sky :  
Yet stands it firmly 'gainst the furious puffs  
Of winds, and th' Oceans furious Counter-buffs,  
Rising triumpher from his watry bed,  
Breaking the billowes with his conquering head.  
Speak ( for ye know ) how many *captaines* great,  
Were taken with their troopes in that defeat ?  
How did death triumph in the fields of *Fife*,  
That cover'd were with bodyes voide of life ?

It was a *fell-black-day*, alas ! how there  
In various manners did grim death appear !  
When *Lesley* fled well-hors'd, through crofs by-waies  
And among others whom our troops did seize  
As Captives, was unhappy *Brown*, who gave  
Himselfe to *Lamberts* armes, his life to save.

Speak ye, whose soules are flow and dull as lead ;  
Is ancient virtue or retir'd or dead ?  
If that Book speak the truth ; if we believe  
What's written there, or it as true receive,  
Ye have been valiant, when your Armies stood,  
And *Rhenes* and *Iffers* streams dy'd red with blood,  
And when Count *Tilly* did affrighted stand,  
To see the wonders acted by your hand.  
All *Germany* look'd on you as the Fort  
Whereto the *Dutch-men* chiefly did resort.  
Such was your honour then ; alas ! but now  
Where is that former vertue ? do you know

Only to shew the *Valour* of your state

*Abroad*, and be at *home degenerate*?

waies Your spirits, like your soyle, are poore and dry,

At *home* your hearts are in a *Lethargy*;

Your *Army* else would not let us surprize

*Caledons* fenced house before their eyes :

ead ; In so great danger they like Cowards stand,

Fearefull to lend their Mates a helping hand.

Thus *Cromwell* art thou Conquerour, thus do

Armies surrender up themselves to *You*.

Thy conquering sword thousands of foes doth rule,

ood, Whose habitation is the furthest *Thule* :

The valiant *Scots* and *Picts*, that did let fly

Their *Ensignes* through the lower *Germany*,

And those of other Lands that Conquerors be,

Magnanimous *Cromwell*, are subdu'd by *Thee*.

Thou dost destroy the *Caledonian* Boare,

(Sooner than *Meleager* could before;)

Thou brok'st the bonds of tyrants now grown strong,  
And kill'dst the *Hydra* while it yet was young ;  
Half-buri'd *England*, while *you* were her Head,  
Rais'd up her self again as from the Dead ;  
By *thee* regayning strength she rises free,  
Wasted before by *Scottish* treachery.

What should I speak of more, what words or wit  
Can such high darings with expressions fit ?  
Or how can my so mean endeavors raise,  
*Trophies* to equall your deserved praise ?  
Be it enough (since all my pains fall short)  
To be amazed at the fam'd report  
Of your great actions, and since all I write  
In these mean papers doth appeare too light ;  
Seeming to do no more, when all is done  
Then hold a candle to the shining Sun  
Or adde a drop unto the Ocean.

ong, After our *Leader* had triumphing got,  
Into the *Fifian* region of the *Scot*,  
When both Saint *Johnstons*, and *Burnt-Island* came,  
And *Terwood* subjects to thy honoured name :  
And other towns did of their own accord,  
Yield up themselves, and to our troops afford  
Shelter ; the half-dead *Scots* seeing affairs  
Thus to go backward, falling in despair,  
Suffering such woes in their polluted home,  
Resolve from that *accursed* place to come,  
In so great danger only hoping health, (wealth :  
(Though much deceiv'd from th'*English-Common-*  
Such was the confidence, and such the hopes  
Springing among the *Caledonian* troops.  
But that their *hope* was vain, the *cure* was worse  
Then the disease and prov'd a greater curse :  
Wretches ye headlong run, (changing the star)  
Into the hazards of a sharper war.

So a poore Sayler tost from shore to shore,  
 When in a storm the winds and waters roare,  
 To whom no glimmering star yields any light,  
 No *Cynosura* to direct him right  
 In that his unknown way, being struck with feare,  
 Not knowing to what place his course to steere,  
 Stands void of sense, and while he seeks to fly  
 The rocks, and barking *Scylla* to pals by,  
 And takes a care *Synphlegades* to shun,  
 Sad Fate doth make him on *Charybdis* run.

“What reason, pray, had we to trust you so,  
 “That you to *England* a new guest would go;  
 “To take those dainties from us, which you knew  
 “Not being cal’d were ne’r prepar’d for you?  
 “Think’st *thou* the *English* look’d for thee once more  
 “That *Presbyterian* fancies did adore,  
 “And on their flaved necks bore *Calvins* yoke?  
 “Tell me ye mad men, what did thus provoke

“Your



" Your minds to this believe, that you should have  
" From the discording English, what you crave?  
" Vaine hope ! *Caerdigan* cannot helpe you now,  
" Nor are the *Norfolke Rebels* helpfull, who  
" Proud in their hopes of greater numbers grown,  
" By *Rich's* smaller force were overthrown.  
" Most honour'd *Rich*, that dost advance thy fame,  
" And by thy vertues raise thy budding name ;  
" Who after he had *Norfolke* quiet made,  
" And those seditions by his Sword allay'de,  
" He fals upon the *Scots*, who once againe  
" Invade us, but he made their journey vaine :  
" That they might learne by such mischances sad,  
" Nought to the *good* is hard, safe to the bad.  
" Keep back therefore, the Fates have all decreed,  
" Ye must not, *Brethren*, pass the River *Tweed*.  
" The way that leads to *England* is beset  
" With thorns, and dismall shades of mountains great.  
" Un-

“ Unlucky Birds did your first March attend,  
“ And will wait on you to the very end.)  
“ Poore greedy rout ! you the sole wretches are  
“ That cloiely nursed our first Civill warre ;  
“ Then wicked thou thy just reward wilt have,  
“ And of a double tongue the losse receive,  
“ When those Troops slain by *us* thou shalt bemoane,  
“ And in thy losse and nearer ruine groane.  
“ Oh ! Nation base and treacherous ! what lyes  
“ Have you maintain'd as greatest verities  
“ Under a specious Vizor ? Oh what Sects  
“ And swarmes of Errors did your zeale protect ?  
“ Who can relate, how wisely you did sow  
“ Such seeds of discord as you knew would grow ?  
“ When thus *your* policy had gain'd the day,  
“ How on th' intangled *English* did you prey ?  
“ With thousands witchcrafts you did them inchant  
“ Forcing at last a guilefull *Covenant*.

“ Could

- “ Could love of gold, and like insatiate tricks  
“ *Saint* you, and with us in our Border fix ?  
“ Was this your zeale, your *Covenant*, to rise  
“ More rich and full by *Englands* miseries ?  
“ Was this your care to *Canaan*, that so  
“ Your *Thistle* might in our sweet Gardens grow ?  
ne, “ And that your Tares might at the least oppose,  
“ If not quite choke the growing of our *Rose* ?  
“ This was the *Scots* fully relolved scope,  
“ They thought them sure of this their wretched hope.  
“ But Heaven forbad the banes, and with the eyes  
“ Of pity, looking on our miseries,  
“ Turning the scale quite blasted all their hopes,  
? “ And in their Borders set our valiant Troops.  
“ Could the blind zeale of Priests such ills perswade  
t “ To quiet peace, through Seas of blood to wade :  
“ Or that the sword was a fit instrument,  
d “ Religion to establish with content ?

- " O damned impious crew ! doth your *Kirks* teach  
" Her *Clerkes* the very *Gospell* thus to preach ?  
" What godliness is that, with bloud and spoile,  
" And rage of War the Churches to defile ?  
" Away, and to your *Countray* when you come,  
" This Doctrine may be fit to teach at home :  
" Let your mad Priests belch out these Tenets there,  
" Your *Scottish Kirks* such things as these may beare;  
" If in these lines you happily may meet  
" Some barbarous names, (your pardons I entreat)  
" For I was forc'd to use them, since but few  
" Would well agree with such a *cock-braine crew*.  
" But whither doth this straying error lead ?  
" If I go further, convoyes I shall need.  
" Well I all this while I speake but to the winde,  
" And cast a *Pearle* before a durty swine.  
" And now all things go back, for cruell Fate  
Sent o're the *Scots* our coasts to depradate ;

# Ode of P E A C E.

51

And since at *home* they suffered so much ill,  
 At last *abroad* their Fortunes try they will;  
 Not much unlike a cruell Welse, whom bloud  
 Of a young tender Lambe makes far more wood;  
 Leaving his empty Den, he doth infest  
 Sheep-cotes with grinning mouth, and hatefull brest,  
 Where he a bloody rendezvous doth keep,  
 On the securer Neighbours harmless sheep.  
 So *Scotland* thou, forgetting ancient fame,  
 And having soyled thy once-better name,  
 Unmindfull of thy *Covenant*, dost come  
 To spoile the guiltless English in their home;  
 Daring to hope, and in that hope you dare  
 Some Trophies from our English wreath to teare.  
 Oh foolish men, and too too credulous,  
 By hopes delusive to be guided thus!  
 Your sense is drown'd in such a Lethargie,  
 Wherein the *Hamiltonian* troopes did lie,

VVhen

When happy *Cromwell* in *Lancastrian* Plains,  
Did with a handfull see his army slain !  
That against heaven with harden'd hearts did bowl,  
Nor would b' admonish'd by proud Pharaohs fall !  
For nor the cruell slaughter of that fight.  
Nor loss of such a battell could you fright.  
For Hydra-like one head cut off, you have  
Not one but two ith' place, more seeming brave,  
With tongues extended mingling hisses great,  
Wherewith you ruine to opposers threat.  
Like to a bull ta'ne from his wonted bait,  
At last regathering strength doth fiercely waite;  
And whisking's fatted buttocks doth invite,  
Now with his foot, then with his horns, to fight,  
And then again unto the skirmish cogs,  
By his loud Lourcing the stout *Mastive-Dogs*.  
So you poor *Scots*, like hunted beasts secure  
Account your selves, till you your selves immure

# Ode of P E A C E.

53

In *Worcester*, there a gin and net  
To catch your selves at unawares you set,  
You build the Funerall Pile, whereon you'l lye,  
And doe as 'twere appoint your day to dye.  
Whom providence enrag'd doth designe  
To ruine for their sin, it gives the line,  
Untill at last blind by security  
They are the authors of their misery.

And now the *Scottish* Armies weary'd are  
With the crosse chance of unsuccessfull war,  
And with the toile of tedious Marches prest,  
Till *Worcester* did become their place of rest :  
Nor was there any place whereto they might  
Betake themselves more safely in that plight;  
The tumult grew so great on every side,  
That very clowns arm'd to the war did ride.  
And gallant *Cromwell* daring greatest things  
(Whose very name an equall terror brings

To *Scottish* hearts, and feare as dreadfull works,  
As *Cassriots* did among the scourged Turks)  
*Him* all the *Scottish* Nation feare, and fly  
When with his Army he approacheth nigh.  
Like Chickens, who no sooner see a Kite  
Stoop with his wing, but in a deadly fright  
To the first place of safety they make hast,  
And soon get in, each fearing to be last.  
Or as the Lybian Ostrich; if she spy  
Over the sands by chance men passing by,  
With her rich plumes straight hides both head & eye,  
And by that means conceits her self unknown,  
And now she sees not, thinks she's seen by none:  
So too kind *Worcester* did the *Scots* receive,  
And like a mother all their wants relieve:  
But oh sad off-spring, thou most viperous brood,  
Whom nought contents but *such a Mothers* blood!



## Ode of P E A C E.

55

For whose defence that City underwent  
So many slaughters, hath such detriment ;  
That if it would, it cannot but retaine  
Fresh in its mind the sadnes of their gain.  
Alas ! unhappy, whither dost thou flee?  
That *City* will not *Refuge* stand for *Thee*,  
Though with the Country you at first prevaile,  
And make your first met enemies to quaille ;  
Yet *Cromwells* deadly scourge thou canst not shun,  
Such provocations are not *Scot-free* done.  
Not much unlike a Ship that Pirates bears,  
Preying on all, replete with stolen wares  
Of daily spoiled Barks, but if at last  
'Tis on a ship of war adversely cast,  
Alas, how soon it suffers ! and must beare  
That losse, for others which it did prepare !  
Her Sayles are torne, her Oares are broke, and now  
Toyst by the winds, she doth the Ocean plow,

Till now no longer able up to keep,  
As she deserv'd, shee's drenched in the *Deep*.

And now 'twas fully by the heavens decreed,  
To give the *Scots* an overthrow indeed;  
The *Fates* did presse it, and the *Furies* were  
With all their mischiefs summon'd to be there.  
The Sun foreseeing that so great defeat,  
Under a cloud did make a sad retreat,  
And to *Olympus* tremblingly he trips,  
Making an unaccustomed Eclipse;  
The standing Stars distilling waters powre,  
The *Scottish* woes ensuing to deplore.  
Nor were they long delay'd, All-conquering Fate  
Within short time those things did perpetrate.  
For the three fatal *Sisters* never know  
Their furious wrath intended to foreflow.  
Then ye triumph'd, when *Cromwells* valiant Train,  
With brave achievements *Vpton-bridge* did gain,

# Ode of P E A C E.

57

What trumpets sounded the alarum then ?  
How did the hoarser drums call out the men,  
Hastning those troopes that first were in a fright,  
With promis'd hope of glory to the fight !  
The slaughter with the horse-men doth begin,  
Unto whose help th' enrag'd foot run in.  
Arm, arm, they cry. And thus both parties meet,  
And with their swords in hand each other greet,  
And that no terrors wanting might appear,  
The Gun re-ecchoing thunder doubles there  
And by their sending shew what they prepare.  
The heaven was clouded with a dismall mist,  
Which of thick smoke and bullets did consist;  
The ratling noise of arms did make the ground  
Tremble for fear, and yield a dolefull sound.  
Opening her very inmost bowels wide,  
Seen through the open gapings on each side.

sure no such noise in heaven and earth doth rise,  
When *Jove* commands out of his Treasuries  
Whole showers of raine and haile, and brings againe  
Those Stars to fight, he did before restraine.  
Nor doe inclosed *Aëna's* flames, though blow'd  
By a strong blast of wind, roare halfe so loud ;  
The ayre grows dark with smoaking fires, each stone  
Scorcht by the fiery heat sends forth a groane.  
How grew your rage so fierce ! O how increast  
Such cruell anger in your heated breast !  
The Armyes edg'ling fight, they mingled stand,  
Swords meeting swords, and hand encountring hand.  
Like to the *Centayres*, when with dreadfull cryes  
Against each other they with fury rise :  
*Hylæus* puls up rocks, and *Hippasos*  
With torne up Trees doth lusty stroaks lay on ;  
*Abas* with monstrous strength doth Castles throw :  
And *Polyphemus* comming from below

# Ode of P E A C E.

95

Out of his den, with some excessive weight  
 Exceeding all the rest the ayre doth beat ;  
 Raging *Antaus*, *Lapithus* more fierce  
 Does through the sides of his mad brethren pierce ;  
*Nyleus* rises, and whole woods doe shake  
*Bistonian* Rocks with terror strook doe quake ;  
*Othrys* and *Offa* tremble, and the rest  
 Feare by their doings to be quite suppress.  
 The victory was doubtfull, for the fight  
 Was full of various changes : now to flight  
 This side betook them, and anon they fly  
 On t' other side : they must or run or dye:  
 Now with full hopes on *Cromwells* Troops she smiles,  
 And straight unto the *Enemy* recoyles ;  
 Thus *Fortune* kept the triumph doubtfull long,  
 None could decide who was more stout, more strong:  
 As when the Northwind with the Ocean strives,  
 And the then calmer waves to tempests drives,

The tottring ships do first on one side lean,  
Then with the wind to t'other turn again :  
So many turns did in this fight appear,  
Such many changes ; and the chance of *War*,  
Though it stood doubtfull yet it did proclaim,  
*Bayes* for the *Victor*, to the conquer'd shame.  
One wing of *Cromwells* seem'd at first to yield,  
And falling in it self, to leave the field :  
But when the Royall Fort our *Generall* gayn'd,  
And kill'd the valiant *Scots* that it maintain'd,  
Immediatly they on the enemies are  
Quicker then lightning or a falling-star,  
Being the first within the Cities wall.  
And now th' example of the *Generall*,  
And *his* so war-like presence did increase  
New strength in thole where it began to cease.  
The *English* Souldiers minds are now on fire,  
And blown with angers bellowes still grow higher :

# Ode of P E A C E.

61

So force encreaseth from received wrong,  
And Vengeance by delay grows twice as strong.  
Nor was't enough for *ours*, in every street  
The proudest of their enemies to meet,  
And kill, but they search every Lane,  
And every house hath in it some one slaine.  
Where search they not? the sword no Church doth  
But rages in the very market place. (pass,  
Now a new storme arises, (such as \* *He* \* *Aeolus*  
Who keeps the blustering winds did never see,)  
Which did the troubled Citizens assaile,  
And in the Cities very heart prevaile.  
What fury there? when strife, the sword and rage  
Even in the Market acted hourly strage,  
When heapes of dead, and those that stoutly stood  
Fill'd every house with danger and with blood;  
When both the childrens and the mothers cries  
Did with their terrour pierce the very skies?

Vertue

Vertue and Honour in that fight appeare  
Clos'd in the brest of every *High-Lander*.  
*Whom* no attempts could breake, no valour tame,  
But with their swords, (til kil'd) they rais'd their fame.  
The more they were oppress'd, the more they raise  
Their greater minds (*to their eternall praise*)  
In death, not flight, they did their vertue shew;  
And from the slaughter rising up anew,  
Like Wolves, they run upon the sword and speare,  
Nor Bullets they, nor armed Legions feare.  
You'd thinke them either desperate or mad,  
When cover'd with their shields, themselves they add  
Unto that place where *Mars* doth reigne as chiefe,  
Scorning the title of a given life;  
Slaughter to slaughter adding, still they go  
First wounding, next they kill the wounded foe.  
Like to a cruell *Dragon*, full of scales,  
And therein dreadfull, 'gainst whom nought prevailes,  
Whoe



# Ode of P E A C E.

63

Whose brawny *back* feares no ensuing harmes,  
Nor can be pierced by the strongest Armes.  
But if his *Belly* or more *secret* parts  
Be once but touched by the meanest Darts,  
How soone he falls, how soon his breath is fled !  
See ! how he curls his body (not yet dead)  
In various circling formes ! and at his death  
With stretcht out tongue, yield up his poysonous  
So the unhappy *High-lander* doth try (breath)  
All meanes for life, not knowing how to dye ;  
At last the Sword and Bullet makes a lane  
Among their ranks, and so *those Foot* are slaine.  
Not much unlike a Husbandman, who goes  
Through all his fields, and with his Sickle mows  
The riper Corne, and the fit Grasse for hay,  
Where e're he comes making an open way,  
And laies those Plants which did so glorious stand,  
Like to dead Rubble, on the mowed land:

So

So do those towring lightnings sadly cleere  
The place from Troopes, and make a *Vacuum* there:  
But they undaunted bear the greatest ill  
Standing, their members fallen, and distill  
Their utmost strength untill they fall, and shew  
Their armes cut from the sinews where they grew.  
Like to a happy Oake, whose Trunke so great  
Is both to birds and beasts a safe retreat,  
Which hath endur'd the shocks of wind and weather  
Untouch'd and free for a long time together;  
Laid at, at last, with Axes doth begin  
His lofty head towards the earth to leane, (ground,  
Falling with monstrous weight, doth plow the  
Digging as 'twere his grave with falling down.  
So those brave Foot, who had the burden bore  
Of that sad fight, all day and night before,  
Seeing their loss, at last began to doubt,  
And faile; their valour was quite weary'd out:

# Ode of P E A C E.

65

For when the horse ingloriously were fled,  
And left their *Royall Squadron* vanquished,  
Then all went backwards with the *Scots*, then they }  
For their first treachery receiv'd the pay, }  
And the revenge due to them till that day. }  
Relate ; how many carkales there were  
Scatter'd about the *City* every where,  
Which nor *Enmenides* nor *Tisphone* could  
Without a dismall horror but behold,  
Which did encrease the shambles, while of course  
Whole heards of beasts dy'd there without remorse.  
*So great a worke it was to overthrow*  
*And give the Scots so terrible a blow.*

All things at last thus running back and gone,  
And the whole Army being overthrown ;  
And when poore *Charles* neither by prayers nor  
Could to a new engagement bring the *Horse*, (force

He

He grows starke mad, (and trusting armes no more)  
His wretched fortune sadly doth deplore,  
(Weighing His Royall Race, and Kingly Stem)  
And blames the Stars, foes to *that* Diadem.  
So without more delay, to horse *He* hies,  
And much afflicted at his loss, he flies  
Among his scatter'd Troopes, t' avoid the fate  
Of *Worcester* bloody battell, though too late.

Thus with much labour and expence of bloud,  
(*Mesley* and others dying where they stood)  
*Stout Cromwell* did th' amazed City win,  
And lead *his* toyled weary Legions in,  
To take the plunder, due to their desert.  
For a new conquer'd City must impart  
Of force her Riches, and her captiv'd Youth  
Unto the Conquerors spoile and pleasure both:  
Rich householdstuffle one Souldier plunders there,  
Another Princely Aras hanging here;

# Ode of P E A C E.

67

ore) Entring this house he richer comes away,  
Soone growing rich with such a royall prey.

But there were others, (whom not any love  
Of spoile, but hate against the *Scots* did move)

Well hors'd, who laying Clemency aside,

Did of the flying *Scots* pursuers ride.

Whom once o'retaken, strongly they assaile,

Nor do their prayers or teares at all prevaile;

They spread their hands in vaine, for they must dye,

And in the dust their hated bodies lye.

Nor cease they here, still more and more they kill,

A cruell slaughter doth continue still

In stragling ruines. that far scatter'd be,

As leaves in Winter fallen from the Tree.

Tempests so great as these are seldome seen,

Even when the *Pleiades* heve raging been,

And shew their feared head, which showres beget

Th' *Olenian Capricornus* to make wet.

Nor

Nor, *Congleton*, was that revenge the least,  
Which by the angred *High-shoes* was exprest.  
Nor dost thou, *Samback*, let the *Scots* proud horse  
Pass free, but fallest on them with thy force ;  
Those Country Clowns, (which neither can nor will  
Pardon, forget, or beare the imallest ill )  
As Bees, fly in his face, whose anger drives  
Them from the quiet of *Hyblean* hives,  
Sharpening their stings : so these run with delight,  
And those known forces do provoke to fight :  
Some arm'd with pitch-forkes, some with clubs, and  
Only with stones, unto the conflict come. (some  
Nor without slaughter could they drive them thence,  
Though they stood scarcely in their own defence.  
So when a Troope of many shepheards have  
With valiant Mastives slaine a Lyon brave,  
Which long before the Moorish coasts did wast,  
Th' Inhabitants, over-joyed, meet in hast

# Ode of P E A C E.

69

On his despised feared trunk to stare,  
Some pull him by the main, some by the hair  
Of other parts, all fain would be before  
His bared members fearing now no more.

The ancient mischiefs that he us'd to do  
At the beginning, they remember now.  
Nor otherwile rage they ; what Muse can tell  
Thy gratefull anger, *Sambach*, and how well  
The madness of thy many-headed Rout  
Became thee, as to skirmish they went out.

Nor was that slaughter less, which did succeed  
In the *Lancastrian* fields by fate decreed,  
When valiant *Lilburne Darbyes* forces met  
Like Lightning, and the victory did get,  
Breaking his strongest troops at their first charge.  
But whither stray I ? why do I enlarge  
Or dwell on these ? If I should strive to write  
Each single battle, mention every fight,

The day would fail ; And th'Ocean hide the sun,  
And stars would glimmer e're my task were done.

A glimpse of peace, brave *Cromwell* now we see  
Since *Scotland's* conquer'd, and o'recome by *thee*.  
Thus do *you* fight, and fighting overcome,  
And overcoming triumph : fame be dumbe ;  
What more can be ? here sets *he* up his rest.  
No, no, *his* triumphs make the *English* blest,  
Which way so ere you go, you still prevail,  
Vertue attends you, Fortune fills your sail.  
With what old *Heroes* may I *thee* compare,  
Guardian of *England*, the renown of war ?  
For few of these by upright fame were crown'd,  
Unwearied zeal with few of these was found ;  
Some crimes their Vertue oftentimes did blot,  
Their milky colour oft receiv'd a spot.  
As when a cloud obscures that *eye* of *Night*,  
The sun withdrawing *his*, she gives no light.



# Ode of P E A C E.

71

As *Casars* conquests did his honor raise,  
 And crown his temples with Imperiall bayes;  
 So did his treacherous dealing merit shame,  
 And mixe dishonor with so great a fame.  
 Nay more then this, most horrid but to ipeak,  
 For gold the very temples he did break,  
 And stayn'd his sword with country mens dear blood,  
 If His unlawfull pleasures they withstood.  
 Great *Hannibal*, *Canna* thy fame doth praise,  
 That battell honor to thy Name did raise;  
 That womens slights this Conqueror should spoil,  
 This, this alone doth all thy honors soil.  
 The farthest *Indie* and *Taprobane* did sing,  
 Th' eternall fame of the *Amathian King*:  
 But when he was enrag'd, to his disgrace,  
 Cruell he'd fly into his *Nobles* face.  
 Ev'n at his feasts of mirth, his cruell sword  
 With guiltless blood defiles his very Boord.

As

G 2

With

But *YOU* Great Sir, Greater then *Cæsar* are,  
The Empire of your Vertues reacheth far,  
And keeping Passion under, dost restrain  
Its insolencies with the strongest rain.  
No Avarice with it's destroying hooks  
Inrolles thy Name in Fames infamous books;  
At hopes of Lucre *you* unmoved stand,  
No wretched gold thy spirit can command.  
Nor doth the *Carthaginians* pattern please,  
By lying long in a continu'd ease,  
And too much pleasure to lose war-like State,  
And grow unfit for *Mars*, effeminate :  
For *you* a charging horse, and sword embrace  
Before the witch-crafts of a womans face,  
And hating idle sloth, and sinfull peace,  
By constant warfare th' *English* dost encrease.  
Nor like the *Macedonian*, drunk with wine,  
Doth passion sway *you* to a dire design :

# Ode of P E A C E.

73

For moderation rules *you*, not abuse  
 Of Life *you* love, but a more sober use.  
 If *you* be angry, Prudence doth allay  
 Your milder temper ; Clemency doth sway,  
 And seat it self upon your calmer brow,  
 Not breaking any that it can make bow.  
 One *Scipio* there is, whose name no blot  
 Ever receiv'd, whose vertue ne're had spot,  
 With whom, *thy* Goodness admirably rare,  
 And pious zeal may make thee to compare.  
 You are both equall in the book of Fame,  
 Your equall love of justice saith the same ;  
 You both alike to maintain chastnells move,  
 Both alike goodness, and Religion Love.  
 What do I sing thy deeds ? alas ! my verse  
 Neither thy prayse nor battells can rehearse.  
 They do exceed the Muses faith, nor can  
 The quickest wit their true dimensions scan,

Unless he saw them and were present by  
At the atcheived deeds, so done, so high ;  
Thou Patron of our peace, and of our war  
The just revenger ; *you* our helper are  
You come a new *Alcydes*, and do bear  
Those things upright, that er't declining were.  
The greatness of thy minde did still supply  
Our wants, when losses made us gasping ly;  
You did with succors always ready stand,  
And save from common *shipwrack* with *your* hand:  
You did that English-ruine-threatening war,  
Unto the *Scots*, that plotted it, trans-fer,  
Like *Jove* himself, who doth his lightnings throw  
On rocks and Pirates, carefull lest a blow  
Should shed our blood, his Thunderbolts doth cast  
Within the limits of some foraine wast.  
Your merits ask, Great Sir, a larger store,  
But you must *pardon*, if I can no more;

'Twould be too great a Task ; my skill surmount,  
All the atcheivements of your hands to count.  
Can I so many great Commanders name ?  
No, my weak Muse can never know the same.  
'Mongst whom come *Gray of Grooby* like the Sun,  
His shining Vertue has the rest out-gone.  
That is his *Countrys* Father and delight,  
And a true Guardian of oppressed right,  
Whose faith in all the heat of war was try'd  
Yet without moving constant did abide;  
Whose constancy was lessen'd by no harms,  
Was neither shaken nor remov'd by storms:  
But like an anchor in this sea of blood,  
To stay the wavering people firmly stood.  
Most noble *Gray*, the rest I'll not repeat,  
Nor speak thy care in *Peace*, and *War* how great :  
How many great endeavors didst thou blow  
With fortunes bellows, till at last they grow,

To famous actions ; and how great a light,  
Of Vertue didst thou shew at *Worcester* fight.  
My muse would longer dwell in such a field,  
That she to *Disbroughs* better times might yield  
Victorious *Trophies*, raising to the stars  
His fame and acts of Valor in the wars.  
But now to war I here must set an end,  
And what remains to well-come *Cromwell* send.  
Hail happy star ! Sweet comfort bringing light ;  
Our Nations and this ages glory bright !  
At whose return, black clouds no more appear,  
Our calmer sky begins to shine more cleer.  
The Citizen, and Souldier both rejoyce,  
Shewing their joy in their triumphall noise ;  
*Pallas* and *Mars*, arms laid aside, do meet,  
And weekly guarded, at this triumph greet  
Each other, while to laid aside they yield  
The *Gorgons* head, the sword, and goat-skin shield.

# Ode of P E A C E.

77

Thrice happy day that dost deserve a note  
Of happinesse never to be forgot,  
Which brought *thee* safe from *Scottish* enemies,  
And from the dangers of a dire disease,  
Returning *thee* to our more safer shore  
More strong and healthfull than thou wert before.  
What gratefull thanks do we acknowledge due  
*Goddard* renowned for thy skill to you?  
Which brought back *Cromwel* from the gates of death,  
And when he gasp'd, as dying, gave new breath;  
Renewing th' intrals that before decay'd,  
And cur'd his sicknesse, which had all dismay'd.  
Thus *Cromwell* comes, whom false report had said  
Of his disease so long and doubtfull, dead.  
As a kind mother doth in mind embrace  
Her dearest son in some remoter place,  
Is so o'rejoyed, when once she sees the coast  
Of her bewailed pledge so long since lost,

That

That words grown insufficient to expresse  
The weight and greatness of her happiness,  
(Filling her swelling heart and pleased eyes)  
She melts to teares, and when embracing cries:  
So *England* joyes at *Thy* returne, so she  
Ambitious dayly growes to honour *thee*;  
And in the reall wishes of her heart  
Shewes her sincerest Love to thy desert.  
*Cambridge* confirm'd by *thy* returne, doth boast  
*Thee* for her *Burgesse*, that her borders coast  
Thy neighboring birth-place, now remembering those  
Her ancient Honours, doth againe propose  
Unto her Muses promised reward  
From thy *Paternal* fatherly regard.  
And *Oxford* doth her happinesse prefer,  
Triumphing; under *Thee* her *Chancellor*.  
And now at last, if it may lawfull be,  
Mixtures of small with so great things to see,



## Ode of P E A C E.

79

Even I my selfe mov'd by your vertues rage,  
To sing your greatnesse in this narrow page.  
As in a pleasant garden when we come  
Plucking the flowers, here and there we come,  
Still plucking more, although in nothing rare,  
But that by our own hand they pulled were ;  
And as we never count an evening cleare,  
Unless we number every chiefeſt ſtar :  
So with my humble quill I thought to write  
Only great acts, and famous to recite.  
The time may come, wherein I may declare  
At large the triumphs of your greater war,  
And all your Souldiers famous actions ſhe w,  
Laying them open to the publike view.  
If thoſe moſt honour'd *Nobles* of the State  
With their great Preſident but animate  
Kindly theſe firſt-fruits of my zeale and toyle,  
A new deſigne may grow from every ſmile.

What

What hitherto is done, Great *Cromwell* lies  
Upon *Thy* Altars as a Sacrifice.  
Now it becomes the Coll'nels names to shew,  
(And but to shew them) and to tell those few  
That fell in service, since you first did stand  
As chiefe *Commander* in the *Brittish* Land.  
Of noble *Sydney*, *Bingham*, *Heynes* Id' I speake,  
But straight-lac'd time doth my intentions breake.  
Who knows not *Barksteads* Regiments report,  
The Citizens and Cities happy Fort,  
For who declining were, or wholly broke,  
Fearing their state, themselves to thee betooke,  
And turning souldiers under thee, they reach  
To that whereto their Trade would never stretch.  
Thus to thy men thou'rt good, and they in thee,  
And thou in them hast a felicity ;  
(And at the supreme *Parliaments* desire,  
While you brave Captaine do at home retire

Your

Your selfe from war, with a more watchfull eye  
Th' Army abroad you with Recruits supply.  
And as the Sea, into whose bosome go  
A thousand Rivers, doth more fiercely flow,  
Grown great with many waters, and expands  
Her raging waves o're all the neighbour sands:  
Such is thy Regiment, which though you draine,  
With fuller numbers still it swells againe;  
Now sending forces to the *Irish* coasts,  
Anon transfunding into *Scotland* hosts.  
*Cobbet*; what narrow verse can thee inclose?  
Or who can *Talbot's* worthy praise compose?  
Who did his knowing skill in warfare shew,  
When the *Kings* Troopes of horse he overthrew;  
Innobled by thy birth, and in the field,  
By thy true valour, thou to none dost yeild.  
Nor can my Quill, O *Hastings*, let forth  
Thy so excelling, so deserving worth.

Nor may I famous *Constable* report

Thy acts in briebe, least striving to be short

I grow obscure) and in the middle breake

His gotten fame, while I so little speake,

I pais by *Mackworth*, and it grieves me sore

That at the present I may speake no more :

As of his perseverance in the right

And wonted faith, which neither threats could

Nor *Kingly* proffers win to baser flight. (fright,

*Berry* and *Gosse*, and famous *Coxe* I pass,

And many other names which aske a place,

Which I perchance may in a scrole set down,

With famous *Moyle* our judge of high renown,

That smiling fortune may my next part crowne.

Brave *Hacker*, that hast from the first drawn blood,

Immovable by art most firmly stood,

Both Horse and Foot, and Drums thy praise proclame,

And fierce *Bellona* doth extoll thy name.

Nor

# Ode of P E A C E.

83

Nor will I mention old and ancient acts,  
But I will trace thee in those newer tracts,  
Thy latter deeds, which *Scotland* will attest,  
And *Worcester* felt thy scourging hand and brest,  
(And which was first) i<sup>th</sup> battell of *Dumbarre*  
The enemy found thy armes were fit for war.  
Nor can I ought of *Gravener* repeat,  
In whom all gifts of mind and body meet;  
Whose bloody hand, where ere it went, did shew  
With how much strength it could lay on a blow.  
Of *Bradshaw* nought, whose Ancestors have been  
In the *Lancastrian* fields some ages scene,  
Of old deducted from the *Saxon* Race.  
Neither for *Brookes*, nor *Croxton* have I place,  
Nor have I time to set out *Chesters* worth,  
Or tell how many Troopes they have set forth.  
Or say what *Essex* did : nor can I looke  
On *Matthewes*, *Honney-wood*, or famous *Cooke*.  
Nothing

Nothing of *Kenricke*, *Gibbons*, may be said,  
Both which in *Kentish* fertile fields were bred.

My Index would to a vast volume swell,  
If I on every severall head should dwell;  
If *Twisletons*, or honour'd *Birches* fame  
I with Fames shriller trumpet should proclame;  
I will not speake the gallantry of *Pride*,  
Nor many others, which I pass beside:  
As *Tomlinson* and *Alred* known of all,  
Nor *Downing* the Scout-master Generall.  
*Beaumont*, nor *Benner*, whom I only name,  
Commanded briefeness doth exact the same,  
By whole victorious armes the *English* gain'd  
A glimpse of concord, *Tyranny* restrain'd;  
By these encreased *Liberty* they have  
Restor'd unto them from the very grave.

Whither doth my rash errour lead? do I  
Only to Souldiers yield these praises high?

# Ode of P E A C E.

85

I do revoke thoe ſpeeches, I recall  
My ſlipping tongue from that unwilling fall ;  
For pious Zeale, the pulpits ſacred Lawes,  
And our own pray'rs ſtood bull-warkes of our cauſe.  
Some Miniſters examples I'll unfold,  
Whoſe godly precepts, and monitions bold;  
Strengthened our war-prepared troopes with might;  
And made them oft victorious in fight.  
For Armes and Armies of no value be,  
Where not conjoyned with true piety,  
And helped with an awfull reverence  
Of the divine all-ruling Providence :  
Hence noble *Deale* and *Lockyer* you became  
The *Pulpits* honour, and the Preachers fame.  
And *Stapleton* in's predeceſſors great,  
While with diviner vertues he's repleat;  
Doth grace the Pulpit on occaſion fit,  
With the rich dowries of thy ripeſt wit.

H

That

That honour in our Armies you have got,  
What help your wisdom and your learning brought  
Unto our forts, the good event doth shew,  
And the got triumphs, which from thence did grow.  
And *Peters* (though thou scarce wert known before,  
Though thy report had hardly reacht our shore.)  
Thy vertuous courage, and thy zeale compile  
Their own record, worthy the highest stile;  
Whether the ministeriall function *You*,  
Or publike civill charges looke into.  
Is there a man that in his place doth know  
A quicker wit, a readier hand to show?  
Who in the Pulpit is so oft and free,  
Declaring Heavenly Oracles as He?  
Nor doth he teach like them, who credit win  
By soothing up their Auditors in sin:  
But mindfull of the Gospell which you teach,  
And of that saving health whereof you preach.



# Ode of P E A C E.

87

You soare more neere to heaven, and with the word  
Pierce neerer to the heart than with a sword;  
Only to preach at home, contents not Thee,  
The Utmost limits of the world you see:  
And to the savage Indians where you came  
The Gospell of salvation you proclames;  
Shining a happy star to guide aright  
Those barbarous peoples feet into the light.

Nor can my little leysure spare to sing  
From what most noble Ancestors you spring,  
Nor what great deeds their honour made to swell,  
Thy noble Lignage let thy *Cornwall* tell,  
And shew your late increased coat of armes,  
How beautif'd from *Hamiltonian* harmes.  
Thy wondrous zeale the godly doth befriend  
A hand, to all that want or aske, you lend,  
In thy admired vertue quick and wise,  
Who on the common Altars sacrifice.

*A Gratulatory*

You to th' afflicted, like *Achates*, prove,  
 To them, like *Atlas*, whom sad terrors move ;  
 The falling *English* in the heate of war  
 Were kept upright by thy upholding care.  
*Nazeby, Wales, Ireland, Cornwall, Worcester* too  
 Sooner or late have felt what you can do ;  
 Thy frequent toile, thy dangers, thy great heart  
 Broke by no threatnings, let those men impart,  
 Who verſt in war and Martiall bloody ſtriſe,  
 Know what belong to a right-ruled life.  
 Thy travels both in body and in mind  
 Let their relation be to them assign'd.  
 Theſe common things, *Peters*, I ſoly own  
 Thy ſelfe and deeds, being both to me unknown.  
 Pardon, I pray, I only mention this,  
 That the *Prieſts* worth the *English* may confeſs;  
 And that the peoples ſafety doth not ſtand  
 Fortifi'd only by the ſouldiers hand.

# Ode of P E A C E.

89

And *You* who of the *Councell* of our *State*  
Members at *present* are, or were of late,  
Who by the *supreme* Senate are decreed  
The first in changed courses to succeed.  
*GOD* make you all *unanimous*, and bless  
You with eternall growing happiness :  
And, as Attendants, make the stars to waite  
Upon your high atchievements for the State ;  
That pure Religion undefil'd may be  
Increasing with revived piety,  
Whose sweet perfume will to the heav'ns arise  
A gratefull and accepted sacrifice.  
Then peace and truth will kiss ; and all that sinke  
Of horrid blasphemies to *Hell* will shrink.  
Concord will grow, and all divisions cease,  
And all things whisper to the *Brittaines* peace,  
Then shall the *Woolfe*, that with a fatall eye  
Did meditate before new treachery,

*Against the lambe; his fierceness laid aside,  
Henceforth together safely they reside,  
And the safe flocks of kids need not to fear,  
When they the roarings of the Leopard hear;  
The Lions whelp and Calf, now void of dread,  
Dare company together in one bed.*

*A little childe these tamed beasts shall lead  
Unto their pastures where content they feed.  
The Cow doth feed together with the Bear,  
Their young ones are Companions void of fear,  
The Lyon leaves to prey; and the same field  
Both to the Ox and him doth fodder yield.  
All deadly payson's taken from the Aspe,  
The sucking child him in his hand may graspe,  
Nor shall the Viper hurt the weaned childe,  
That sporteth with him, it is grown so milde.  
These raging beasts shall act no future ill,  
For God will seat his Chosen on a hill.*

Even

*Even on Mount Sion : when he shall record  
O're all the earth the knowledge of the Lord,  
As do the raging waters of the deepe  
O'reflow the earth in a tumultuous heape.  
Go on grave Fathers therefore, and imprint  
These secrets in the heart from sacred hint :  
That the first honour of your counsels may  
To God redound, the next that peace may sway  
In all our Regions, while there is a day.  
And thou most honour'd Bradshaw by consent  
The parent of our State and President.  
(Although thy innate modesty won't beare  
All thy deserved praises but to heare ;  
And though with patience thou dost hardly know  
The burden of thy honour t'undergoe)  
Yet give me leave, thy vertue and thy fame  
Moves me a little to extoll thy name.*

Thou

The Vindicator of our *Liberty*,  
And sharpe revenger of our slavery ;  
When first thy stretched hand did strongly break  
The cruell chains from off the *Britaines* neck,  
Like faithfull *Palinurus*, without feare  
You undertooke a weighty taske, to steere  
A raging boystrous people, and procure  
Through unknown swelling waves a haven sure.  
You mindfull of your Countries good, uphold  
The Common-wealth, resembling *Atlas* bold:  
Free from the cares of a dissembling brest,  
The publike you prefer to private rest.  
Hence your unwearied pious zeale and paines  
A glad remembrance to all Ages gaines :  
But if your actions here have no reward  
Worthy their merits, 'tis not worth regard ;  
All earthly things thy vertue doth surpasse,  
And will in heaven have their deserved place ;

Mean while to heaven these are our dayly prayers,

*Methusalems* or aged *Nestors* years,

That you may reach to make us *English* blest;

And that at last freed from this worlds unrest,

With more content you may, as *old* in *this*

*Preside* new Councells in a *State* of Bliss.

F I N I S.



## An Animadversion.

**I**T was not my purpose to write an elaborate *History*, but only in brief in a *Panegyrick*, to point at the triumphall victories of our most excellent *Generall*. Neither be troubled, Reader, that tying my self to such brevity, I have either slenderly or not at all, touched every single *Action*, or *Actor* by name, especially those truly worthy, and Honourable *Men Monke* and *Overtton*, whose *famous acts* rather challenge a volume then the narrow scantling of a Page. Neverthelesse I shall neither forget these nor those, when (God assisting and by the favour of the Councell of State) I shall set forth in their lively Colours the whole *series* of all things done, (as far as Poesy can) to adorn a second book, taking it's beginning from the rendition of *S. Johnstown*. In the mean, while Gentle Reader,

*If ought you know that may more worthy be,*

*\*Impart them, but if not, use these with me.*





TO THE

Most Excellent, The Lord General  
of *Great Brittain*,  
*OLIVER CROMWEL.*

**VV**hat force can drive, or what perswade  
My wandring minde farther to wade?

Whence is it, fickle fancy mine

You bring me to my old designe,

Thy vertue *bright*,

our losses do invite,

(Like harping *Flaccus*) me to be

An humble suppliant to thee,

Who in another cause deserv'd of late,

Though sadly crossed by decree of *Fate*.

Even

Even providence your arms befriended,  
'Tis not blind Fortune that attends  
Vicissitudes of men, and things :  
But heaven it self such changes brings ;  
Who gives and takes  
Esteem from things, and makes  
The smallest things grow great, and can  
Change the renown of any man ;  
Though on a Throne to day he sit on high,  
Making his height upon the ground to lye.

The great disposer whose bare word,  
Or grow'th or ruine will afford ;  
Turning mans heart, and firm intent,  
Against their own accomplishment.

Thus am I come  
At last unto your home,  
A willing guest ; drawn by the fame  
Of your great deeds and honor'd name,

And

And spotless life; I humbly do appear  
Thy *glories* trumpet, and Thy Honorer.

Unto the mighty as a rain,  
Their tyrannizing to restrain;  
To the unarmed as a shield;  
Unto the Souldiers strength you yield;

The Cities light  
Clear, shining, bright;

Chief Leader of the *Epick* Quire :  
The drum, the trumpet, and the Lyre,  
Together-with the sweeter *Lute* agree,  
To sing thy praises in a *Symphony*.

The heaven assists you in your war;  
Your high and wary counsells are  
Thy Countreys stay, the hoped health  
Of the decaying Common-wealth.

A deadly frage  
To this malignant age.

When

When the unhappy Kings ill luck  
The State into a storm did pluck,  
Thy Country found thee her defender then,  
Thou wert a *Victor* without blood of men.

Thou dost with meekness happy *Guide*,  
The greatness of thy chance abide.  
When formerly the war did grow,  
By doubtfull causes hindred, slow,

Then there was need  
of you, great Sir, to lead:

In dangers by your humble prayer,  
You move the Deity to hear,  
Beloved Guardian sent us from on high,  
Thus dost thou conquer even necessity.

The cunning *Scot*, the *Irish* wilde,  
And *Wales* with hills and mountaines fill'd,  
And all our *Northern* world confesse,  
Thy strength of hand, of head no less,

Forrainen

Forrayners next  
Shall by thy sword be vext,  
If 'gainst the *English* they devise  
Mischiefes by stop of merchandise;  
Whether they quarrells pick not known before,  
Or else pretend a greater, older score.

Rise up revenger of our harme ;  
Quickly prescribe a heavenly charme  
To free our *Church* from sad debate,  
And fixe the Pillar of our *State*.

Let banisht truth  
From *thee* receive new growth;  
Silence contentious Schismes, and stand  
A safe protector of our Land ;  
Shine like a star in our Horizon, cleare,  
And both of heaven and men the joy appeare.

Go, famous for thy acts, replete  
With honours, happy, good, and great

Exult

**Exult therein ; may no annoy**

**Once interrupt thy calmer joy,**

**O do not stain;**

**With grief too much or vain;**

**His gallant funeralls : though void of breath**

**This *Heroe* lyes, yet in his death**

**He triumphs in a never dying fame,**

**His vertue left him an eternall name.**

**Leave of to grieve, and cease to moan,**

**Let no sad sigh or fatall groan**

**Accompany his funerall :**

**Because he liv'd enough to all,**

**Himself, his friends**

**And Country ; while he lends**

**To after ages a clear light**

**Arising from his vertues bright,**

**And having done what wit could not enlarge,**

**Quite weary'd out he got a free discharge.**

On God all humane changes tend,  
He all things towards their end,  
Close to true Piety you keep,  
And thence deserved honor reap.

( Since now come back )

My Muse shall not be slack;  
Thy pray'd Encomiums to sing,  
Or gratefull *Panegyriques* bring,  
Others may praise thee in a verse more high ;  
But none so *well*, since not so *soon* as I.

Make me but happy by thy smile,  
If thou with favour dain my toile,  
By that thy favourable breath  
We are (as 'twere) redeem'd from death.

Thus rais'd by thee,

It shall our Triumph be,

In the eternall house of Fame  
To register thy present name,

That future ages each succeeding hour  
To thy blest name may new Encomiums powr.

Thy Coat of Arms, brave *Cromwell* fill,  
And by thy acts adde something still  
To make it greater, looke and see  
The Common-wealths calamity,

And be a stay

To Religions decay ;

So will thy Country thee reward  
With more, with new, and fresh regard,  
And *Mars*, and *Pallas* will, thy fame to spread,  
With *Bays*, and *Olive* crown thy *Pregnant* head.

Thus do you sit exalted high,  
Applauded by the joyfull Cry  
Of the pleas'd City ; those who are  
Truly religious send a praiſe

To heaven for thee ;

(Poor Poets) so do we.

Now



Now on a *Dytherambicke* Lyre  
Anon in a *Pindarick* Quire,  
Or else like *Virgil* we thy deeds rehearse;  
And joy'd return in an heroike verse.

R Eader (if ought)  
Come and be taught,

Why do you so  
Look on a *picture*, or *dumbe show*?  
Would you unconquer'd *Cromwell* know? alas!  
View not then a carved face,  
But mark his vertues manifold,  
Then Brats more lasting, more desir'd then gold.

Attentive be;  
*This, This* is He,  
Who, for the *Publike* born, doth *Live*  
To that, for which Nature did Give  
Him life, whose sharper wit  
For all great counsells fit

His valor shew'd  
So oft abroad,  
( Equally happy to his *own*,  
And to the *foe* most fatall grown)  
Unto his Countrey renders him to be  
The *fort* and *Patron* of her Liberty.

Honor his Name,  
This is the same ;  
Our freedoms strongest Hold,  
Brittaines *Alcides* bold,  
Th'unwearied *Atlas* of our State,  
Keeping upright, what would precipitate,  
Diverting all the spleen of fate.

Acknowledge this,  
*He, He*, it is,  
*Englands* new leading *Ioshuah*, ( no less  
Or in his cause or his success)

Guarded by heaven, to whom the helping stars,  
Serve as inferior Officers.

Applauded by the righteous, while he fights  
For the Republikes private rights  
And common too ———

A Deadly scourge of Tyranny  
And superstitious Vanity.

Delighted be;

For this is He,

Who when the flood

Of late shed blood,

Began to ebbe, and cease,

Brought back the Olive both, and Bayes;

Who shutting all the passages of war,

And taking away cause of jar,

With the same sword that he before did cut

Ope *Ianus* gates, again the same doth shut.

Hence Readers go  
And these things show,  
Them to your Children yet to come proclaime,  
And to their off-spring let them do the same,  
Both even amazed at our Generalls fame;  
Whose Monument (which doth in triumph stand,  
Ore enemies conquer'd by thy hand)  
The world will soon confess without abuse  
Tis the eighth wonder which she can produce.  
And you (*Great Sir*) of honours full and dayes  
To thy eternall praise  
Added at length  
To the nine former *Heroes*, make the *TENTH*.

T O

TO THE

Most accomplished Gentleman.

EDMUND LUDLOW

The Most Noble Deputy-Governour

of *Ireland*, when he set forward on his journey

thither. An *Ode* wishing health.

**N***eptrune* make smooth the waves, lest in a throng  
Jostling together they grow high, and wrong  
This new Commander. And thou *Milford* too,  
When he thy neer-adjoyning waves shall plow,  
See that there only be a gentle gale,  
And that no tempest on the main prevail,  
May the contentious winde abate it's pride,  
And those their ancient strivings lay aside :  
And when he goes, whisper a gentle blast  
Into his sails, to countervail his hast ;

And you the *Tritons* who dominion have,  
Although unhappy, on each *Irish* wave,  
Compose their tumults when on high they rise,  
As if their rage would reach the very skyes,  
Till your *Vice-leader* pass the dangerous lands,  
And on th'*Ogygian coasts* with safety stands.  
And thou most famous *Ireton*, whose head  
And hand, are alwayes powerfull indeed,  
To whom the former nor the present time  
Did ever yield an equall in our Clime,  
Assist thy *Lnadlow* with a free consent,  
Since Hee this dangerous *journey* underwent,  
That by conjoynd arms he might relieve  
That tedious war and fitting succors give.

O *thon* whose worthy memory's more sweet  
Then all the best Companions I meet !  
My fort and comfort ! what heroick verse  
Can thy great prayes, worthily rehearse !

How,

How, where shall I begin? shall I record  
The valour that thy younger yeares afford?  
Or that thy Candor! what, a child, you shew'd  
Of valour, while you ne'r had been abroad,  
Only at *Blanford*; how you did excell  
Among three reſlers! how you shewd your skill  
In turning bals: what man did better know  
To throw the Bar, or give a stronger blow.  
With ſuch like trophies you did think no ſcorne  
The firſt yeares of your active youth t' adorne;  
But when a downy cheeke makes you put on  
An age more virile, ſtraight theſe toies are gone;  
You wiſh to heare the Trumpet which doth raiſe  
The Horſes courage to the Riders praiſe;  
You lov'd to bound and curvet; hence it came,  
That in your youth you did begin your fame  
By your great vertue, when as yet your force  
Was ty'd within a *Century* of Horſe,

But

But not your courage, for with them you go  
Through many Troopes of a more potent Foe.  
*England* will speake this of thee, and confesse  
The greatnesse of thy acts with joyfulness.  
*Sad Warder Caster*, which long siege did tame,  
Will speake thy labours, and confesse the same;  
Who, when her wals all broken did appeare,  
And all her buildings nought but ruines were,  
Yet did remaine valiantly faithfull still,  
A Conquerour by suffering so much ill.  
A worthy act, which fame will ever sing,  
Amazement to the present age to bring,  
And future too : then *Mayden-Bradley* holds  
Out to the world thy fame, renown'd of old  
From thy fore-fathers, known both wise and bold.

Next happy *Wiltshire* doth triumphing stand,  
So often fav'd by thy victorious hand,

When



When the destroying Enemy with boasts  
Entred, and rage, into that Countries coasts.  
*Wiltshire* relate the changes of that war,  
When *Ludlow* followed the Enemy so far.  
Speak *Sarisbury* Church-yard, which stood and gaz'd  
Upon thy passage through the swords amaz'd;  
Like to a Lion when he is beset,  
Which fearells runs and breakes the scorned net.  
'Tis a vaine worke thy praises all to bring  
Within the compasse of a narrow ring;  
A little now shall serve; for that we know  
We do unto thy praises much more ow.  
Which we shall pay, if once our *Muse* can get  
A little respite to refresh her wit.

In the meape while, brave *Captaine*, go thou on  
With happy *Omens*, as you have begun,  
That by your Guard, fam'd *Iretton* may rise  
Much more conspicuous in the publike eyes.

While

While to each other force and armes you lend  
The horrid bloody *Irish* war to end,  
That once againe her ruin'd houses may  
Of their rebuilding see the happy day.  
And that poore *Ireland*, wearied out with age  
May yet grow young againe, when freed from strage  
By your most wortby hands ; and that sweet peace  
In her may settle first, and then increase.

To



TO THE

Most Famous, as well for his  
Valour, as Vertues,

HENRY IRETON,

Late Lord Deputy of *Ireland*,

A Member of the Parliament of *England*;

As also,

Of the Right Honourable, the  
Councill of State.

---

At whose Tombe, and to whose  
Memory this Funerall Elegy is offered  
and Wept

By T. M. Junior.

---



## An Elegy.

**I**S *Ireton* dead, and yet the heavens not beare  
In such a *publike* loss an equall share?

Can such a *Patron* of our *Liberty*

Without a grand *Eclipse*, or *Comet* dye?

Although not at his death, yet he will have

The *Sun* a mourner at his honour'd grave.

The *Muses* Fountaine is too small, too dry,

My *Quill* with fit *Encomiums* to supply.

If all your raptures, all your sacred fits

Could be inspir'd into my working wits,

Could *Aganippe* by some secret veine

Be brought into the Cisternes of my braine,

Your

Your fits would faile and that exhale in teares,  
By this new *Sun* late placed in the spheares.  
Let *England* speake his worth, *Ireland* proclame  
His Trophies, and proud *Limrick* keepe his name  
Ingrav'd in brass, that future times may see,  
And speake his honour to Posterity.  
Great *Cromwel's* Son ! Oh speak not Titles, Fame,  
“ But tell his Vertues, give his Soule a name.  
His Valour mixed with such meekeness rare,  
That no old *Hero* might with him compare,  
But only *Moses* : And straight cal'd aside,  
And *Canaan* seen in hopes, he gently dy'd.  
His VVisdome speake, his Temperance, his Zeale,  
And strong endeavors for the Common-weale;  
But that you can't, the Dotes thereof was such,  
That nor my tongue, nor Pen can say how much  
Their Value was ; but when that all is done,  
If you would speake their worth, say *Ireton*,

VVhom

Whom all rich graces round about beset,  
And piety the Center where they met.

Hence then all smiles, come weeping, change we  
To mourning Dirges, lave the pretious earth (mirth  
Of this so honour'd Patron with our teares  
(Fertile as them the cheek of *April* weares)  
Let Angels sing his graces, who did call  
His soule to heaven to its original;  
And murmur not that losse, which here but lay  
A pawne that might be cal'd for every day.  
But if upon our sorrow and thy fate  
Poore Mortals could but set an equall rate;  
The world would praise thee, while it did appeare  
With a full sorrow, in each eye a teare:  
For where Art failes to yeild us her reliefe,  
Our will to praise thee wee'l expresse in grieve.

FINIS.

ve  
h